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Haunted Honeymoon



By ...

SAMUEL TAYLOR

**The flat was only small, so
Dud and Hilda did not want
to share it, even with ghosts.**

EXCEPT that it was haunted, the landlord said, the place wasn't at all bad. True, the plumbing was tricky, and you couldn't say much for the furniture, and you shouldn't light a fire in the fireplace because it was blocked off.

"But I wouldn't have any trouble keeping it full these days," he concluded, "except it's haunted."

He was a lumpy man called Billings. "Well, friends?" he said, Dud and Hilda exchanged soulful glances. They were to be married the following week, and for months they had been searching for somewhere—anywhere!—to live.

This place wasn't much by ordinary standards, but after all their searching their standards were far from ordinary. It was a small flat made from what had once been the living-room of a large old home.

The great marble fireplace was overpowering in the tiny bedroom. The house itself needed paint and replacement of rotten timbers.

"I think it's marvellous," Hilda breathed.

"We'll take it," Dud said, and squeezed her hand.

"First month's rent in advance," Mr. Billings said, and as Dud took out his wallet he added: "Now I told you it's haunted, and I don't want no squawks. He'll be here at night."

"Who?" Dud asked.

"Cooper," Mr. Billings said, "him and his dog. No wonder I have a hard time keeping the place filled. And what can I do? You can't call the police. What can the police do about a ghost? Cooper's spoiling my business."

"Did Cooper once live here?" Hilda asked brightly.

"He still lives here," Mr. Billings snapped. "That's what I'm telling you. He and his wife had the place before he went to the war. Her name was Ethel. He went to the war and she went off with some truck driver, and left no address. So her mail came here, and one day there was a telegram saying he'd been killed. And every night since then he's been back here. Him and his dog. Looking for Ethel."

"His dog went to the war with him?" Hilda asked.

"The dog got run over before Ethel went off with the truck driver. I don't know where it was before Cooper got killed. But now they're haunting my place. I told Cooper. I told him Ethel was gone and wouldn't be back. He won't listen to reason."

He sighed, and pocketed the notes Dud was proffering.

Outside, Dud said, "He's cracked. Ghosts!"

"Of course he's cracked, darling. But it's somewhere to live."

They began moving in two days after the wedding. Hilda gazed round the tiny bedroom dubiously.

"It won't do," she said. "The bed should be over there, and the dressing-table here, and the wardrobe where that chair is. Let's move the bed first."

"Don't move that bed," a voice said.

"But it simply won't fit here," Hilda said. "Dud, anybody can see it has to go over there."

Dud spoke in a small voice: "Hilda, I didn't say that. It was—well, it wasn't me."

"I said it," the voice said. "Don't

"Don't go away, Mr. Cooper, I want to have a real talk with you,"
Hilda said.

move that bed. Don't move anything. It's just the way that Ethel likes it."

Dud peered about, frowning. "Hey, who are you?" Hilda asked brightly. "Hey, Cooper!"

There was no answer. "Well, I'm certainly not going to be told how to arrange my own bedroom," Hilda declared.

They moved all the furniture round, but the voice offered no more objections. Dud began rapping on the walls.

"What are you doing, Dud?"

"That voice came from somewhere. These old houses, the way they're remodelled, there could be false walls."

"Don't be silly, Dud. The voice was right here in the room."

"It couldn't have been. There's nobody here but us."

"Lots of people hear voices. Maybe we'll turn out to be like that. Maybe this is only the beginning."

"It's O.K. by me," Dud said, "if it's the end."

They went out for dinner and when they got back the bedroom furniture had been moved back, exactly as it had been in the first place.

"I'll be jiggered," Dud said.

"That's going too far!" Hilda declared, outraged.

Dud took a look at the bolt on the back door. Then he tested the windows. "Nobody could have got in here, except through the walls."

"Darling, of course Cooper came through the walls. But he can't arrange my furniture!"

"Let's leave it be for now, and—er—talk to him."

"I'll tell him a thing or two when he comes."

Hilda went into the bathroom, which was in the short hall between kitchen and bedroom. Dud slipped into his pyjamas and dressing-gown, then went into the kitchen and looked in the refrigerator. His own home and a refrigerator to raid. And married to the sweetest girl in the world. It was wonderful.

He got out a bottle of milk and a hunk of corned beef. He sawed off a slab of beef, made a sandwich, and poured a glass of milk. Then munching happily, he went into the bedroom and began rapping the walls.

"Dud, stop that," Hilda called from the bathroom. There was a heavy thump. "Dud, what are you doing?"

"Did you drop something?" he asked.

"Of course not."

Dud went back to the kitchen. The thump had come from the milk bottle falling off the sink. Lapping at the milk on the floor was an enormous dog. As Dud stared at it, Hilda appeared in a housegown.

"Oh," she said, seeing the dog. "Dud, why'd you let him in?"

"I didn't let him. He was just here."

"It must be Cooper's dog."

"Cooper ought to train him better."

Dud opened the back door. "O.K. dog. Get out of here!"

The dog yawned and lumbered into the bedroom. Dud bolted the door and followed it, Hilda behind him. The dog climbed on to the bed and lay down.

"I don't think I like dog ghosts," Hilda admitted.

"Well, I'm going to have the police in to get rid of him!"

"Darling, the police can't help us. That's Cooper's dog."

"That's right," a voice said.

"Darling," Hilda whispered, "was that the dog or was it Cooper?"

"I hope," Dud said, "it was Cooper." At this point a mere ghost was much preferable to a talking dog.

A shrill whistle came from the kitchen. The dog got off the bed and lumbered out of the bedroom.

Dud went after him, and into the kitchen, Hilda tagging behind. The kitchen was empty.

"Well, good riddance," Dud said, relieved.

"Darling, did you get out another bottle of milk?"

"No. What bottle of milk?"

"That one right there," she said, pointing to a bottle on the sink. A glassful had been poured from it, and the empty glass stood there.

"The dog didn't pour himself a glass of milk," Dud said, "I hope."

"We're too late!" Hilda wailed. "Cooper was here and now he's gone! We missed him!"

At that instant the dog ambled in from the bedroom they had just left. It was a bit involved for Dud, and he reached out gingerly to pat the animal on the back. The dog ignored him, and lapped a bit of overlooked milk from the linoleum.

"Anyhow, it's real," Dud said, as if that meant something. "The solidest dog I ever saw for floating into thin air."

"Mick!" a voice called from the bedroom. "Mick!"

"Cooper!" Hilda cried, and followed eagerly as the dog ambled into the bedroom.

A soldier in field uniform was sitting on the edge of the bed taking off his combat boots. The dog climbed on to the bed and the soldier said, "Lie down, Mick." The soldier's pants and jacket were caked with dried mud and his steel helmet had a bullet hole on each side.

"Er—Mr. Cooper?" Hilda asked.

"Ethel!" The soldier sprang up eagerly. Then he sighed and sat down. "No, you're not Ethel. You're the pair which moved in to-day. I told you not to move this bed. I want everything left just like Ethel had it."

"Well, it's certainly the worst arrangement of furniture I ever saw in my born life," Hilda said emphatically.

Please turn to page 4

Page 3



GIFT FROM AUSTRALIA... Britain has thanked Australia and New Zealand for a good many gifts—but none prettier and none more welcome than radiant Patti Morgan, now acting in British films. Here she wears a nineteenth-century French costume for her role in Maurice Ostrer's "Idol of Paris"—offstage she enjoys the new London fashions, including, of course,

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AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Haunted Honeymoon

Continued from page 3

THE soldier sighed deeply. "Let me tell you, I was moving this furniture around sometimes twice a day before Ethel finally got it fixed. And it stays fixed."

"We'd better come to an understanding, Mr. Cooper," Hilda said firmly. "Mr. Billings said you'd visit us, and you're welcome enough to drop in and see if Ethel is back yet. We want you to feel at home. But I'm going to have the furniture the way I want it."

Cooper pulled off his boots and wiggled his toes. "This is a rough life," he sighed. "On the go day after day, looking for Ethel." He climbed into bed.

"What do you think you're doing?" Dud asked.

"I'm going to bed."

"You're going to bed! And where do we sleep?"

"That's your worry. And how about turning out the lights? I need my rest." Cooper pulled the bedclothes up over his head. The enormous dog lay down beside him.

"Well, after all, darling," Hilda said, "Mr. Billings told us."

"Mr. Billings didn't tell us that he and his dog had to sleep in the bed!" Dud cried. "I'm going straight out to see him."

"Now, darling," Hilda soothed. "Mr. Billings told us not to come crying to him. . . Mr. Cooper, are you asleep?"

"How can I sleep with you two yapping?" Cooper said petulantly.

"I know you're tired, but you see I'm just thrilled to pieces," Hilda said. "You're the first real live ghost I ever talked with. Do you mind if I just sort of talk a little bit?"

"Talk, talk, talk," Cooper growled. "There's a woman for you. What d'you want to talk about?"

"I'd love to hear some of your experiences. Mr. Billings told us you were killed at the war."

"That's right!" Cooper yawned.

"D-Day."

"Oh, how thrilling!" Hilda clapped her hands. "I'll tell you what," she went on. "I'll bring you in some supper." She turned to Dud. "You sit right there and entertain Mr. Cooper, darling. I think it's so marvellous to have a real ghost to entertain. Don't go away, Mr. Cooper. I want to have a real talk with you." And out she went.

Cooper sat up in bed and regarded Dud dubiously. "That wife of yours is a character."

"I'm afraid," Dud admitted bleakly, "she is."

"She seems almost glad to have me around. Going to get some supper. First time that happened. People generally don't like me."

"I can certainly understand that," Dud said acidly. "Personally, I'd toss you out on your ear if it wasn't for that dog of yours."

"Well, look at my side of things," Cooper said.

At that instant there was a heavy pounding on the door and a deep voice yelled, "Open up! This is the police!"

Cooper and his dog disappeared. Not, however, into thin air. Cooper leaped out of bed and dived into the big marble fireplace. The back of the fireplace swung open and he scampered through with the big dog at his heels.

Dud opened the door. Hilda was there with a small man in a black overcoat who was grinning as if he had just played a priceless prank.

"Thank you, Mr. Fitch," Hilda said. "Don't mention it," the man replied. "Is that all?"

"That's all. Good—bye, Mr. Fitch. Good-night."

"Good-night," Mr. Fitch said, and he went away.

Hilda looked about. "What happened to Mr. Cooper?"

"There's a passage behind that fireplace," Dud told her. "I told you you

could expect anything in these old houses. It was all gag."

"A dirty trick!" Hilda declared. "I did want to meet a real live ghost."

She sighed: "But, of course, anyone could see that he wasn't that. I thought he must be up to something fishy. Then I had the brain-wave to pop out and ask Mr. Fitch to knock on the door and say he was the police. I just wanted to make sure of it."

"Hmm," Dud said. "And who is Mr. Fitch?"

"Oh, he was just passing by in the street. A very nice fellow."

At this point the lumpy figure of the landlord, Mr. Billings, crawled through the fireplace. "Just a little joke, friends!" he said and laughed heartily. "Always kidding, that's me."

"I certainly can't see the joke," Hilda said.

"I think it's a scream," Dud said. "And with a turnover of three or four tenants a week at a month's rent in advance each, I'll bet you've been dying laughing."

"Now, friends," Mr. Billings sounded hurt. "Money doesn't mean a thing to me. I'll tell you what I'll do, friend, I'll cut your rent in half. I'll give you a receipt for two months for what you paid."

"I can see your heart's in the right place, Mr. Billings," Dud admitted. "And now, if I were you I'd get a carpenter up here in the morning to nail up that passage through the fireplace and the one in the kitchen, wherever it is there. And I'd try to control my sense of humor from now on." He stared straight at Mr. Billings. "I don't imagine that the people you've fleeced would want to go about telling how they were scared out by a ghost. But if this thing ever reached the newspapers, they might not see the joke. They might even insist that you go to prison, Mr. Billings."

"Friends, you wouldn't want to do a thing like that," Mr. Billings said pleadingly. "Where can you get a place like this so cheap? Where can you get any place at all, friend?"

"That," Dud admitted, "is just it. Except that it would end up with some detective moving in. I'd call the police right now. Good-night, Mr. Billings." Mr. Billings left.

Later, just as Dud was dozing off, Hilda said, "Dud."

"Huh?"

"Dud, maybe we should have called the police after all."

"And disillusion all those people who cherish the belief that they've seen and talked to a spirit? Who wouldn't pay a month's rent for the experience?"

"Maybe you're right. I never was so disappointed in my life."

He was just dozing off again when she said, "Dud."

"Huh?"

"Darling, isn't it wonderful to be married? I never dreamed it could be so exciting. We've only been married a couple of days and look what's happened already!"

"Darling, I hope you're not going to be disappointed. But I doubt," he said firmly, "that the average will hold up."

(Copyright)

HAZEL



"Scram, McGinty! The boss is a wake-up to you."

Interesting People



PROFESSOR F. M. BURNET
... scientific research

DIRECTOR of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Melbourne, Professor Frank McFarlane Burnet is first Australian to be awarded the Royal Society's gold medal. He is one of youngest directors of scientific institutes in the world, and is regarded as one of the greatest world authorities on viruses which cause influenza, infantile paralysis, mumps, and other infectious diseases. At present he is supervising the Institute's research into German measles (rubella).



MISS RUTH FRENCH
... ballet examiner

DISTINGUISHED ballet dancer Miss Ruth French, member of executive council of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, will arrive in Australia in October to conduct examinations and award scholarships, including two to the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. Miss French was last in Australia in 1929, when she danced leading roles with the Pavlova Ballet Company. A brilliant teacher, she now has her own ballet school in London.



LIEUT. JIM WILLIS, R.N.
... won first place

HONOR of topping Royal Navy Long Navigation Direction Qualifying Course in England was won by Lieut. Jim Willis. Course included aircraft interception, direction, search and rescue work, and operation-room control. He is son of Mt. Gambier (S.A.) doctor. Passed out of Flinders Naval College in 1940. Served in H.M.A.S. Canberra, Nepal, and Barcoe, then commanded H.M.A.S. Latrobe.

By ... ALLAN
VAUGHAN ELSTON

The Bookshop Mystery



The visitor glanced at the exhibits on the table, but displayed no reaction.

BUSINESS was brisk at Zorn's bookshop that particular morning. Arthur Zorn himself had to emerge from his cubby-hole at the rear and help David Murray, his efficient young assistant, who usually was able to carry on alone.

The shop was deep and narrow, squeezed in between a curio shop and a delicatessen.

David Murray knew the stock much better than Zorn did. Zorn was a merchant; David was a book-lover. To Zorn, books were chattels; to David they were friends. His warmth towards them, as well as his fresh, eager personality, drew customers just as Zorn's coldly acquisitive outlook sometimes drove them away.

That was what made David the spark-plug in Zorn's bookshop.

This morning one of his favorite customers came in. He was a slight, oldish man, a retired psychology professor named Sloan.

"Good morning, David," he said. "Has the book I ordered come in yet?"

"Not yet, Professor Sloan," David said. "Byways in Psychology," he remembered, was the title ordered. "Sorry. Soon as it comes in, I'll let you know."

The old man's eyes swept avidly over shelves along either wall. "Mind if I browse a little, David?"

"Help yourself," David invited. Browsers of a sincere sort, like Professor Sloan, were always welcome.

He went back towards a non-fiction section, and David turned to another customer.

Ten minutes later Professor Sloan appeared again at David's elbow, holding a heavy volume in his hand. "I'll take this one," he said.

The title surprised David. "Famous Unsolved Crimes," by Wendell Fish. He stared curiously at Professor Sloan went out with it. Now what on earth, he wondered, would Sloan want with that?

Three o'clock that same day found David alone in the shop. It was the mid-afternoon lull, and Zorn had retired to his office at the rear. The shop was so quiet that David could even hear the tinkle of a cash register in the delicatessen next door.

The walls were thin—in fact, the delicatessen, the bookshop, and the curio shop had been partitioned from what had once been a single room.

A messenger boy came in with a package. Unwrapping it, David found it to be the book that Professor Sloan had ordered. Immediately David telephoned him.

"Professor Sloan? This is David Murray at the bookshop. Your copy of 'Byways in Psychology' just came in."

"It did? Splendid! Would you mind sending it out? I'll be glad to pay the messenger fee."

"I'll send it straight away, Professor."

"And while you're about it," the Professor said, "please send along another book I noticed while browsing through your shelves this morning."

"Certainly. What's the title?" "The title," Sloan said, "is 'Man From Montreal.' It's by I. Hadley."

David's brow puckered. "I don't seem to remember that one. Are you sure you saw it here?"

"This very morning," Sloan's voice struck David as peculiarly distinct and urgent. "It's put out by the Wittenhouse Publishing Company."

When he hung up, David looked through his catalogue of titles. There was no such title as "Man From Montreal." Neither did his list of authors show any name like I. Hadley. Lastly he looked at his list of publishers. Wittenhouse wasn't among them.

It mystified David. Why should Professor Sloan mention a book, an author, and a publisher not on his lists? He could be confused on one name, but hardly on three.

DAVID went back to the non-fiction section where the old man had browsed. On the seventh shelf, four books from the left end, he saw an empty space about two inches wide. By it was another copy of "Famous Unsolved Crimes."

It was barely possible, he thought, that Sloan had confused a chapter title with a main title. Drawing up a stool, David took down the remaining copy of "Famous Unsolved Crimes" and turned to its table of contents.

It was headed "101 Unsolved Murders," and listed them as Cases 1 to 101. David ran his finger down the page—Case No. 1, New York; Case No. 2, London; Case No. 3, Paris—

Well down the table he came to: Case No. 77, Montreal.

He turned to its record in the book. The victim's name, he saw with a start, had been Wittenhouse.

So there was a connection! No publisher named Wittenhouse, but a murder victim named Wittenhouse. A murder at Montreal!

The murderer's name wasn't given, naturally, because it was an unsolved crime. The date of it was sixteen years ago.

Excitement gripped David. Over the telephone Professor Sloan had mentioned three identities: A Man from Montreal, presumably the murderer; and Wittenhouse, definitely the victim; and I. Hadley. Who was I. Hadley?

David took the book to his desk. There he skimmed through the several pages devoted to Case No. 77. The name I. Hadley didn't appear.

The only Hadley known to David was Inspector Jim Hadley, one of his sister Celia's many persistent suitors. David knew them all, because he lived with Celia, and he liked Jim Hadley best of the lot.

Thought of Hadley's rank alerted David. Inspector Hadley. I. Hadley!

Was that it? Had Professor Sloan spoken to him in code? Was it a guarded request for David to send Inspector Hadley in connection with the Wittenhouse murder in Montreal?

But why would he need to be cryptic? If he wanted the police, why couldn't he call them himself?

Had there been another man present in the room? A man who would object and intervene if Sloan, openly, summoned the police?

David dialled a number. "This is

David Murray at Zorn's bookshop," he said. "Could you ask Inspector Hadley to come over here straight away?"

Jim Hadley came promptly. Big and solid and thirty, he sat down and listened to David's story.

"Thing to do," he decided at once, "is to deliver this book." He picked up "Byways in Psychology," which David had promised to send by messenger. "I'll be the messenger. Want to come along, Dave?"

"I wouldn't miss it," David said eagerly. He took the extra copy of "Famous Unsolved Crimes" back to its proper place on the shelf. Then he looked in at Zorn's office. "I'm leaving a little early, Mr. Zorn. Do you mind?"

Obviously Zorn did mind. But he couldn't afford to say no. "I'll take over," he agreed grumpily, and came forward into the store.

Jim Hadley took David to his car, and they drove to Professor Sloan's apartment, on the first floor of a modest three-story building.

Professor Sloan admitted them, grimacing sheepishly when he saw David. "I suppose you thought I was crazy, young man."

"It didn't make sense," David admitted.

Sloan waved them to chairs. "The words I spoke over the phone," he explained, "weren't meant to impress you, David, but to impress a guest who was with me. They failed to impress him, so I know now my suspicion was wrong."

"What suspicion?" Hadley asked.

"It's not important," the Professor evaded. "I simply took a little excursion down a psychological byway, and it led nowhere. So if you don't mind, I'd rather drop it."

Hadley's eyes flicked to a copy of "Famous Unsolved Crimes" on the table. "If it has to do with a crime," he persisted, "we can't drop it."

The Professor gave a resigned sigh. "I suppose if I don't tell you, you'll begin to suspect me of something," David laughed. "Maybe we will, Professor."

"A few days ago," Sloan said, "I was in your bookshop, David. Only one other customer was there. He didn't see me, because I was kneeling behind a rack, examining titles on a low shelf. You were arranging a display up front."

"Who," David asked, "was the other customer?"

The Professor smiled cryptically. "In fairness to him, we won't mention his name. He's an acquaintance of mine, a reputable citizen whom I respect. Let's call him X. I saw him do a strange thing. He took a book down from a high shelf, put something in it, restored the book to its place and left the shop."

"Curious, I went to the book to see what he'd put in it. It was a fifty-dollar bill. The book was one of two copies of 'Famous Unsolved Crimes.' The page where he put the bill was one entitled Case No. 77."

Hadley's eyes narrowed. David's opened wider. "But why," he gasped, "would he put money in a book?"

Sloan shrugged. "The money wasn't mine, of course, so I left it in the book. The only solution I could think of was petty blackmail. Later a blackmailer could take the bill from the book. Yet I couldn't conceive of X as a criminal. If he were making surreptitious payments, it could only be to quiet some minor scandal."

"The comparatively small sum, as well as X's reputable character, convinced me it couldn't be anything worse," he paused, frowning.

"However," he continued, "the thing preyed on me as I left the shop. I turned into the delicatessen next door for a purchase or two. All the while the idea of petty blackmail kept churning in my mind. Its psychological angles intrigued me, so when I left the delicatessen I went back for another look at the book. The fifty-dollar bill was gone."

"Gone?" David echoed. "Who took it?"

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Page 5

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 17, 1948

Bigger, Better, Smarter . . . The NEW KLIPPER WOOL TIE

Price 4/3 Throughout Australia.



★ "Model" Mother; Model Daughter

★ It's easy to see that blonde Phyl Nott—in private life, Mrs. Writer—has taught her engaging little daughter, Sandra, the secret of her own ravishing smile.

Modelling is a part-time job, but mothering is a full-time one, to this popular young matron. As a fashion model in much demand, Phyl is specially conscious of the importance of a sparkling smile. It is only natural, then, that she sees to it that Sandra safeguards her smile in the way so many successful models do. Phyl knows that food clings to the teeth and, if not removed, may speedily cause deterioration. To counteract this possibility, she and small Sandra follow this simple rule:

Brush the teeth thoroughly with IPANA Tooth Paste morning and evening—indeed, after each meal if possible—making sure that every surface and crevice of the teeth is left absolutely clean.

This keeps teeth white and lustrous and smiles attractive and winning.

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The stranger stood eyeing Helen thoughtfully, making no attempt to move or speak.

MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

HELLEN JACKSON, beautiful concert pianist and composer, finds her interest in life unexpectedly reviving after she has been living for some weeks at the remote mountain resort of Brushy Gap, where she rents a cottage from the local storekeeper, WILLIE B. WILLIAGOODE.

Previously Helen had felt that life was over for her, following the death of her husband at the war and her son in an accident. Her changed attitude is due to the influence of JERRY, 12-year-old orphan boy, who comes to work for her, and wins her heart, despite her first efforts to rebuff him.

When she leaves to attend a concert at the town of Minton, Helen asks Jerry to take care of JOCK, her collie dog. Jerry willingly agrees, but finds his task unexpectedly difficult.

He has to disobey the strict and unsympathetic orphanage assistant, MISS COLLINS, in order to go and feed JOCK. The dog follows him back to the orphanage, and when Jerry desperately tries to hide him in the hayloft he rouses the suspicions of one of the older boys.

Now read on:—

THE big boy lost a vital second in stopping to set down the milk-pail. Jerry was up the ladder to the hayloft ahead of him, mounding hay over JOCK to hide him, whispering, "Lay low." The big boy was not only a bully, but worse, a tattletale.

Jerry was sweating. He gave a bound to the far side of the loft and dropped down and put his harmonica to his mouth.

"Cain't a feller have any privacy for practisin'?" he asked. "How you reckon I come to blow so good? Now leave me be."

He brought unearthly sounds from the harmonica, dissonant past belief. The large boy looked around, scuffed his feet in the hay around Jerry.

"You better not have anythin' hid," he warned. "I'll shore tell Miss Collins. Lessen," and he spoke ingratiatingly, "lessen it's candy or such, that maybe that Jackson lady

give you. You got somethin' good to eat, you just divide, and I'll not tell."

Jerry said, "Look in my pockets. I ain't got a thing."

The boy searched him and made a face. "You and your ol' mouth organ," he said, and stumped down the ladder.

Jerry continued making the evil sounds on the harmonica until the clatter of voices had faded away. He uncovered JOCK hastily.

"Goah. I was skeert! If you didn't have so much sense, to lay quiet, we'd be ketchered shore." He eyed JOCK sternly. "Now how'm I goin' to get you home again?"

JOCK neither knew nor cared. He sneezed from the dusty hay and indicated that he was ready for a romp. Jerry tussled with him, the dust motes dancing in the shafts of late sunlight that sifted through the hayloft.

Jerry said, "Reckon we best lay low till suppertime, and then slip out."

The supper bell rang, and Jerry lay still as a mouse. He allowed time for everyone to wash and be seated at the table. Then he crept down the ladder and around the corner of the barn to see if the coast was clear. It was not.

Miss Collins at that moment was leading JOCK, the largest boy, out of the back door, and by the ear.

She said, "I'll have no grabbing at the table. No supper for you, young man."

JOCK plumped himself down on the steps and scuffed the earth with his feet. After a moment, Jerry saw him slip along the wall and rap on the kitchen window.

The cook looked out and grinned, and handed out a full plate through the window. JOCK bolted the food, handed back the empty plate and took up his position on the steps.

Jerry slipped back into the barn and up into the hayloft. He heard the children come out for their evening play. He was trapped. Usually they played on the playground in front of the orphanage. Tonight, perversely, some of the younger children were having a game of bean bag at the back.

The sun set. Twilight filled the

loft, and then it was dark. The bedtime bell rang, the playing children scampered inside, and Jerry was in serious trouble.

Miss Collins always went through the dormitories at night to make sure of this very thing, that no one was playing truant.

Jerry said, "I got to go. You wait for me," and he hurried away.

Again JOCK refused outright to be left behind. He put one paw on the ladder, then drew it back. The descent seemed much more ominous than the climb, but there was a small pile of hay left where Jerry had pitched it down for the cows.

JOCK gathered his courage and jumped. He streaked after Jerry, pulled open the back screen door of the orphanage with his paw and nose, and caught up with him as Jerry was tiptoeing between the beds in the boys' dormitory.

All the others were in bed, lying quietly on their backs, waiting for Miss Collins' inspection.

Jerry gasped. He wondered if by any conceivable chance he could

in his bed. No, it was Mrs. Pendleton. He did not dare to move.

But JOCK moved. He was getting uncomfortable. He started to push out from under the smothering covers. Jerry held him tight.

Mrs. Pendleton was saying, "I knew you'd be ill, Jerry, after eating so much at dinner. I hope you feel better. Good-night."

And when she laid her hand in the lamplight on the head with tawny hair that barely protruded from under the covers, she laid it not on the boy's head, but on the dog's.

As she walked away she lifted her hand to her nose and sniffed with distaste, and wiped it vigorously with her handkerchief.

"Goodness!" she said. "Boys sometimes smell just like animals."

She turned out the swinging oil lamp hanging from the ceiling of the dormitory and went away. There was silence.

Jerry had intended to wait only until the other boys were asleep, but his long day and hard work had tired him. Before he could move he was sound asleep.

JOCK squirmed out from under the covers, but lay quietly on the bed. Jerry threw one arm across him, and JOCK snuggled close, blissfully content.

When Jerry finally woke, it was with a start. Rain was pounding on the roof. He could not tell the time, but it seemed to him that a faint grey light showed through to the east.

He lifted JOCK in his arms, and set him noiselessly on the floor and led him out. He fumbled with the latch on the outer door, and went into the driving rain.

The rain was not only rain, but a downpour, bitterly cold with the unseasonableness that often occurs in the mountains. And there was fog, mountain fog so dense that he had to grope his way down the familiar road.

JOCK stayed close on his heels, his head bent before the storm. The cottage seemed very far away. When they reached it, they plunged in, wet and chilled and breathless.

Day was near. Jerry had an hour or so of time. His teeth were chattering, and JOCK was shivering.

He said, "I'd shore like to build a fire on the hearth to dry you, feller, but I'm feared to leave fire in the house. I'll make your breakfast, and that'll warm you up."

The dog meal for JOCK's breakfast took the last of the sack. "The wood'll all be wet," Jerry said. "I best bring some in, so's she can have a good fire when she gets home this evenin'."

He brought in several large armfuls, laid a fire on the hearth, and in the kitchen stove, then stacked more wood in the box. His thin shirt and overalls were plastered to his skin.

The sun could make no headway through the fog and rain, but the hour was unquestionably becoming late.

"I shore hate to leave you," He looked out at the impenetrable grey-ness. "JOCK, she can't drive in this fog. You can't see the road two feet ahead of you. She ain't agoin' to get here to-day."

He stooped and hugged the dog. "But don't you fret. I'll work it some ways. She knowed she could count on me takin' care of you."

He left reluctantly, making sure both doors were locked this time. He ran to the orphanage, but no speed could warm him in that cold mountain rain. It was all but sleet. He went in the back door as the other children were filing down for breakfast.

Mrs. Pendleton saw him, wet and shaking with cold.

"Jerry, where on earth have you been?"

"I... been out."

"I can see that. How foolish of you. Hurry upstairs and change. You'll have to put on your next week's shirt and pants, so try to keep them clean."

She watched Jerry, puzzled. He was up to something, she was sure, but knowing him it could be nothing seriously wrong.

The children were kept in all day. The girls were put at mending and darning, and the boys worked in the woodshop or repaired the leather harness for the work horses.

Jerry asked permission to work in the woodshop. He had an idea. He began making a maple base for a table lamp as a gift for Miss Lady.

Every now and then he was shaken by a chill. He had never become thoroughly warmed after his soaking, and the woodworking shop had no heat. He watched the weather anxiously. The rain turned from a downpour to a slow, steady drizzle, but the fog seemed thicker than ever.

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Page 7

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 17, 1948

The Trend is to BLACK & WHITE Cigarettes . . . mellow, fragrant, delightfully cool . . . and in 20's and 10's.



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Jimmy's Girl



PRUDEnce dreaded going to stay with Aunt Mary and Lillabel. Dear, condescending Aunt Mary, who always introduced her as "my clever niece," made her feel a confirmed spinster at twenty-one, while Lillabel's glamor gave her a shocking inferiority complex.

But Prudence had had bad influenza with threatened pneumonia. Her doctor insisted on a change, and Prudence, who had no family and lived alone in a tiny flatette, had absolutely nowhere else to go.

Aunt Mary was alone at the station to meet her. "You do look ill, dear. That's the worst of you brainy girls. What's the use, if you ruin your health?"

Rhetorical question, Prudence assumed, and followed her porter, her suitcase, and her aunt into the station taxi.

There was no one home at Lawnland, the modern white house with a garden just large enough for a tennis court and a drawing-room large enough for dancing.

"Would you like to lie down, dear?" Aunt Mary asked solicitously.

As the alternative seemed to be making conversation with Aunt Mary, Prudence took a book to bed, scolded herself for her nasty nature, fell asleep and did not wake till Lillabel burst into her room.

"Prudence! How goes? Mummy says you look awful. Get up and doll up. We're dancing and I'm short of girls."

Prudence sat up. "I'm hungry."

"Buck up, then. I can't think how I'll manage all those men—"

"Lillabel, you'd be able to cope with six men or sixty."

"Well, really—" Lillabel laughed her pretty tinkling laugh. She was never quite sure whether Prudence was insulting or complimenting her. "Hurry, and we can have a lovely gossip."

Lovely gossip, thought Prudence scornfully as she shook out her old black evening dress. Suitable costume for the stooge. If I got well in a week I wonder if I could go home.

Downstairs Prudence was denied the pleasure of a lovely gossip, because three of the young men had already arrived. Their names were Peter, Tony, and Jimmy, and they seemed to find Prudence invisible. She sat in the window seat watching the sea and sipping sherry.

Suddenly someone said, "Hi," over her shoulder, and she swung round to look at an exasperated young man.

"I'm to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner."

He was tall and dark and he looked almost sensible, which must have been an illusion, because no sensible man would be one of the cluster about that pink bonbon known as Lillabel.

"Peter, Tony, Jimmy," she said dreamily. "Which are you?"

"I'm Jimmy and—" he smiled insultingly, "I've forgotten your name."

"Too much on your mind. Prudence Watson. They did think of calling me Cleopatra, but the registrar objected."

"Man of discernment."

Lillabel floated towards them. "Prudence, darling, I'm just lending you Jimmy, because you've been a sick girl." She put her lovely pouting face an inch from Jimmy's nose.

"He's sweet," she said.

Jimmy smiled at Lillabel fatuously and Tony dragged her away towards the dining-room. Prudence sighed, I'm just too old for these games, she thought, and absently took Jimmy's arm.

Prudence applied herself hungrily to her dinner and did not listen to the others chattering of people and places until the moment when she detected a ring of sincerity in Jimmy's voice.

"Thursday then, Lillabel. You won't let me down? The poor old boy hasn't much in his life and he's fond of pretty girls."

Lillabel's light laugh. "At his age!"

"Uncle Henry is ageless. I'll write to him to-night. Only we mustn't disappoint him. He's lonely. He doesn't see many people."

"Thursday then," said Lillabel.

"You're awfully quiet," said Jimmy suddenly, turning to Prudence.

"I'm thinking up a big poisoning."

"Don't try it while I'm around. I'm an analytical chemist."

"You work to eat!"

"Why not?"

"Lillabel's young men never work. They have long black cars and sleek black heads and probably small black hearts."

"Jealous?"

"Naturally."

He glanced in Lillabel's direction.

"She must be hard for other women to take."

"She is," Prudence gave it a wealth of emphasis.

"You're a different type," he said, possibly meaning to be consoling.

"You might be fun—like sucking a lemon."

Prudence smiled and then, looking casually down the table, she caught Lillabel's eye and the message was as clear as if the words had been spoken.

"Lay off," said Lillabel's eyes. Fair enough, thought Prudence. Lillabel had found this Jimmy person, she liked him, maybe she even wanted to marry him. Prudence always played fair.

"I'm not fun," she said shortly.

Someone was making a move. Chairs were being scraped back. The radio was started. Other people were arriving. Prudence managed to disappear upstairs.

She had a feeling that she was getting well very fast. She took a leisurely bath and got into bed with her book.

Aunt Mary popped in to see that Prudence was comfortable.

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Mary, I'll look after myself," Prudence assured her.

"Liberty Hall, dear," said Aunt Mary. "I want you to do just whatever you please."

"You look tired, dear. Why don't you go home?" Lillabel said sweetly.

Next morning Prudence cut some sandwiches and took a long walk. As she came up the drive in shorts and shirt she found Lillabel and Jimmy having a drink on the terrace. Lillabel looking a vision in green linen and a shady white hat.

Jimmy offered Prudence his chair.

"Where were you all day?" he scolded. "First you disappear last night and I get no dance, then you disappear—"

"I do it with mirrors," said Prudence. "I'd better go and change."

Jimmy pulled her into the chair.

"Don't be so restless."

"Perhaps she really wants to change," said Lillabel, eyeing her cousin as if she were a mouse that the cat had brought in.

Prudence had to laugh, not a tinkle of silver sound, but a good hearty laugh. "Lillabel thinks I'm revolting. One drink and I'll go."

She left them in a few minutes and went upstairs to bath and change. When she came downstairs Jimmy had gone but Lillabel reported that he was arranging a party at the hotel that evening, and they were all going along for dinner and dancing.

"He said if you didn't come he'd come up and fetch you," said Lillabel grimly.

Jimmy didn't understand Lillabel, that was plain. He might love her, but he didn't understand her. There was no give-and-take in her nature. If you were Lillabel's property, that was that. Poor old Jimmy. She'd speak to him to-night.

At the party she tried to keep very much in her place. She immediately accepted Tony's invitation to dance so that Jimmy and Lillabel should get off on the right foot. She did her best. She danced with Tony, and danced with Peter; she danced with a young man known as Raia.

For an invalid she did quite a lot of dancing, and Jimmy caught up with her at last, when she was having a well-earned rest behind a potted palm.

"Where have you been?"

"Go away, Jimmy Dale. I'm practically in rigor mortis."

He looked at her anxiously. Her breathing was too quick for his liking.

"You need a long, cool drink and an interesting companion. Don't stir."

She should have stirred, she reflected; she should have run madly back to her stark little flat instead of letting this happen.

It didn't matter to him, of course. A young man with such wide, dark eyes and such a square chin could always make his peace with Lillabel. But what happened to a confirmed spinster of twenty-one if she lost her heart to a man in love with someone else?

She just had time to think all this before he got back with a long lemonade full of ice.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"I've been dancing."

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The Bookshop Mystery

Continued from page 5

PROFESSOR SLOAN gave a slight shrug of his shoulders. "The blackmailer, I suppose," he said. "Let's call him Y. But I was still sure that X's guilt is petty—something scandalous and embarrassing rather than criminal. Which is why I kept it to myself. Until this morning! This morning I went back and bought the extra copy of the book."

"At home with it, I made a study of Case No. 77. It concerns a murder 16 years ago at Montreal. The murder weapon was a midiron golf-club, found broken by the body. At that point I began to wonder. Could X himself have committed that murder?"

"X lives in New York, and always has," Sloan went on. "But he travels occasionally, takes vacations. He's a competent golfer. He could have been in Montreal on a certain day sixteen years ago. Was it to tighten pressure on him, to keep him frightened and harassed, that Y ordered him to put money at a certain page in a certain book?"

"Go on, Professor," Jim Hadley said. "What did you do then?"

"I decided to expose X. If the matter had anything to do with the crime at Montreal. If it did not, I would mind my own business."

"But how," David wondered, "could you decide whether it did or didn't?" Sloan answered. "So I made the test. I invited X here at three this afternoon. I seated him by a table on which I'd placed the broken halves of a midiron golf-club. Also on the table was the book, open at Case 77. As his eyes fell on these exhibits I observed X closely."

"There was no reaction whatever. So I concluded that the nature of the book had nothing to do with it. Y could merely have told him to put the money at random in the fourth book from the left end of a particular shelf."

Hadley nodded absently. "If X is guilty in Case 77, he agreed. 'It should have got a rise out of him.'"

"I definitely didn't," repeated Sloan. "And just then my phone rang. It was David here. So I used the opportunity to clinch my test. I spoke the terms: Man from Montreal; Wittenhouse; and the name of a well-known local police officer. The face of X remained passive. My shot in the dark had missed."

Hadley said: "And you decline to identify X?"

"I do."

"All right, Professor. There's another way to find out."

Jim Hadley drove David home. As David got out of the car, the Inspector said: "Watch the book. If it happened once, it'll happen again."

"I'll ask Mr. Zorn," David said, "if he's noticed anything."

"Don't," Jim cautioned. "For all we know, Zorn himself is Y. Better not tip anyone at all. Just watch the book . . ."

At ten o'clock next day David's telephone rang. He answered, and heard Jim Hadley's voice: "I'm at Sloan's apartment. He was murdered last night. Strangled."

His words, as their impact shocked David, rushed on: "Don't say a thing to anyone. You don't know anything except what you read in the papers. But keep watching that book! I'll be there at twelve-thirty."

When Hadley appeared at twelve-thirty, a thin man in a baggy suit followed him in. The thin man began browsing along the bookshelves.

"One of my men," Jim whispered to David. "He doesn't know what he wants, and won't make up his mind till you come back from lunch at one. Here, Put this back where it came from."

He gave David a package. In it he found the copy of "Famous Unsolved Crimes" Professor Sloan had purchased yesterday. David put it back beside its mate. Zorn strolled out of his office to take charge while David went to lunch.

In a restaurant booth Jim said to David: "I've got a hunch."

"About who X is?" David asked.

"No. My hunch is that X's contacts with Y are blind. I mean X doesn't know who Y is. Blackmail is risky, so Y didn't announce his identity to X. But by phone or typed letter he convinced X that

he knows and can prove an old guilt in Montreal. Put 50 dollars in a certain spot," Y instructed X, "at certain regular intervals, and I won't tell."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because it fits. It wraps up a motive for X to kill Sloan. When Sloan made that test yesterday, X jumped to the conclusion that Sloan himself was Y. 'Here,' X thought, 'is the rat who's been bleeding me. But I can't handle him now, because it's daytime and maybe someone saw me come in. Safer if I come back when it's dark.'"

"But that means," David said, "that X won't put any more payments in the book."

"That's right," Jim agreed. "X thinks Y is dead, so he won't put any more payments in the book. But the real Y doesn't know that. Y will read in to-night's paper that a Professor Sloan was found murdered in his apartment. There'll be no reason for Y to connect it with his own deal with X. So when the next payment comes due, Y will look in the book for it. Clear? So you keep on watching the book."

"But it isn't Y we really want. It's X."

"If we catch Y, we can charge him with blackmail and high-pressure X's name out of him. For my money, Y can be that tightwad boss of yours, Zorn."

"But Mr. Zorn," David objected, "has a key to the shop. He could come back at night to look in the book."

"You've a key yourself, haven't you? Let me borrow it, I'll have duplicates made," Hadley said. . . .

David's life, during the next several days, settled into a routine of watching. Sometimes the shop was

"Ridicule . . . often checks what is absurd and fully as often smotherers that which is noble."

—Sir Walter Scott.

filled with customers, with Zorn helping him. Sometimes he was alone. Always he managed to keep an eye on anyone who went near that particular shelf.

On the third day a publisher's salesman called, and David ushered him back to Zorn's office. Zorn was hunched over his desk, absorbed in the morning paper. On the front page was a follow-up on the Sloan murder.

David had read it himself. He knew it didn't mention the X-Y mystery angle, or anything about a book called "Famous Unsolved Crimes."

"This Prof was a customer of ours, wasn't he?" Zorn asked as David appeared.

"One of our best, Mr. Zorn," David introduced the salesman and went back to his work. . . .

It was a morning later when a woman looked at the book. She was a tall, angular woman, so tall she was able to take "Famous Unsolved Crimes" down without using the stool.

David's eye was on her. But he saw that the woman only looked at the title. She didn't open the book. After putting it back, she took down another one several feet to the right. This one she opened at the middle, and thumbed a few pages before restoring it to the shelf.

David closed in soon enough to see that it was "Annals of Scotland Yard."

"May I interest you in something, Mrs. Wilson?" he asked. Jim Hadley had coached him how to find out a stranger's name.

"I think not," the customer said curtly. "And my name's not Wilson. It's Cox." She left the shop.

At noon David reported it to Jim Hadley.

"Yes," Jim admitted thoughtfully, "Y could be a woman. Don't think she's that one, though." He returned David's key. "I have a duplicate made for the man who's staking out in the shop every night. Just in case Y is Zorn. If he's not, he's probably one of your regular browsers. Just keep watching that book, pal."

During the afternoon lull David found himself alone. Then Zorn came forward and was at his side before David noticed him. David glanced quickly past him at the book. It was in place, all right.

"Better advertise this," Zorn said. He handed David a memo, and went back to his cubbyhole.

The memo merely said that a well-known author would be in the shop on a day next week to autograph copies of his current best-seller. During the minute it took David to read it, his eyes were not on the critical shelf.

When he looked again, the book was gone.

David hurried to the shelf for a close look. Yes, the book had disappeared within the past minute. And only Zorn had passed by it.

Quickly David stepped to the telephone and called Hadley. "The book's gone," he said excitedly. "Zorn took it back to his office."

"I'm on my way," Jim said, and hung up with a snap.

David's eyes shifted back to the blank space on the shelf.

But it wasn't blank any more. The book was again in place.

And not a soul was in sight!

As the truth flashed over David, he dashed from the shop and turned in at the next door. The sign over it said: "Pierre LeBlanc, Curios and Antiques."

The name could be French-Canadian. Pierre LeBlanc, sixteen years ago, could have witnessed a crime in Montreal.

The shop was deserted. David hurried back through it, over thick carpeting which gave no sound, to a rear office. As he approached the office, he heard someone within dial a telephone.

Then came a sharply complaining voice, LeBlanc's: "You didn't come across this week. I just looked. Don't try to hold out on me, doctor." David backed fearfully away. So X was a doctor! And that was why Professor Sloan could invite him to his apartment though he was not a personal friend. When you ask your doctor to come, he usually comes.

Against a blank wall to his left David saw a low stool. It seemed to serve no purpose there. David mounted it, and his hand groped over the polished pine wall about seven feet above the floor.

Then he saw a rectangular crack—an inconspicuous panel about four inches wide by twelve tall. LeBlanc, he realised, must have cut it with a keyhole saw at this carefully selected spot.

David got a fingernail in the crack and pulled open a four-by-twelve-inch hinged door. His hand darted through and touched a book—a book on his own shop shelf. He drew it to him, stood there on the stool staring at its title—"Famous Unsolved Crimes."

A brittle voice challenged him: "What do you do there?" It was Pierre LeBlanc, charging towards David with a pair of antique fire-tongs in hand.

In a flash, from the height of the stool, David crashed the heavy book down on LeBlanc's head. Just as he did it, the fire-tongs hit his own head, and he toppled from the stool.

The next thing he knew was the feel of a strong comforting arm; Jim Hadley was kneeling by him. Two uniformed policemen, near by, were pinioning LeBlanc.

Hadley asked gently: "All right, pal?"

"Quite," David said. "Is that X?" Hadley asked, thumbing towards LeBlanc.

"No," David said, getting to his feet. "That's Y. X is a Doctor Moore. Doctor Moore came in to look at books sometimes. If you'll look him up, I think you'll find he was Professor Sloan's doctor."

Hadley looked at the heavy book on the floor. Then his gaze shifted to the small open panel in the wall. "So that was it," he muttered.

Then he looked at David's pale face, and worry appeared on his own. "She's not going to like it. Dave—me getting you into this!"

David grinned. "You mean Celia? Don't give it a thought, pal. The way I'll tell her, you saved my life."

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Elegance

★ Two of the superb evening gowns flown to Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades, starting in Sydney on August 16. Lelong combines black velvet and floral chiffon to make a tightly fitting bodice and draped skirt. The silver-grey moire is by Jean Patou, and features the harem skirt. Grey-and-diamond beading trims the bodice.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 17, 1948

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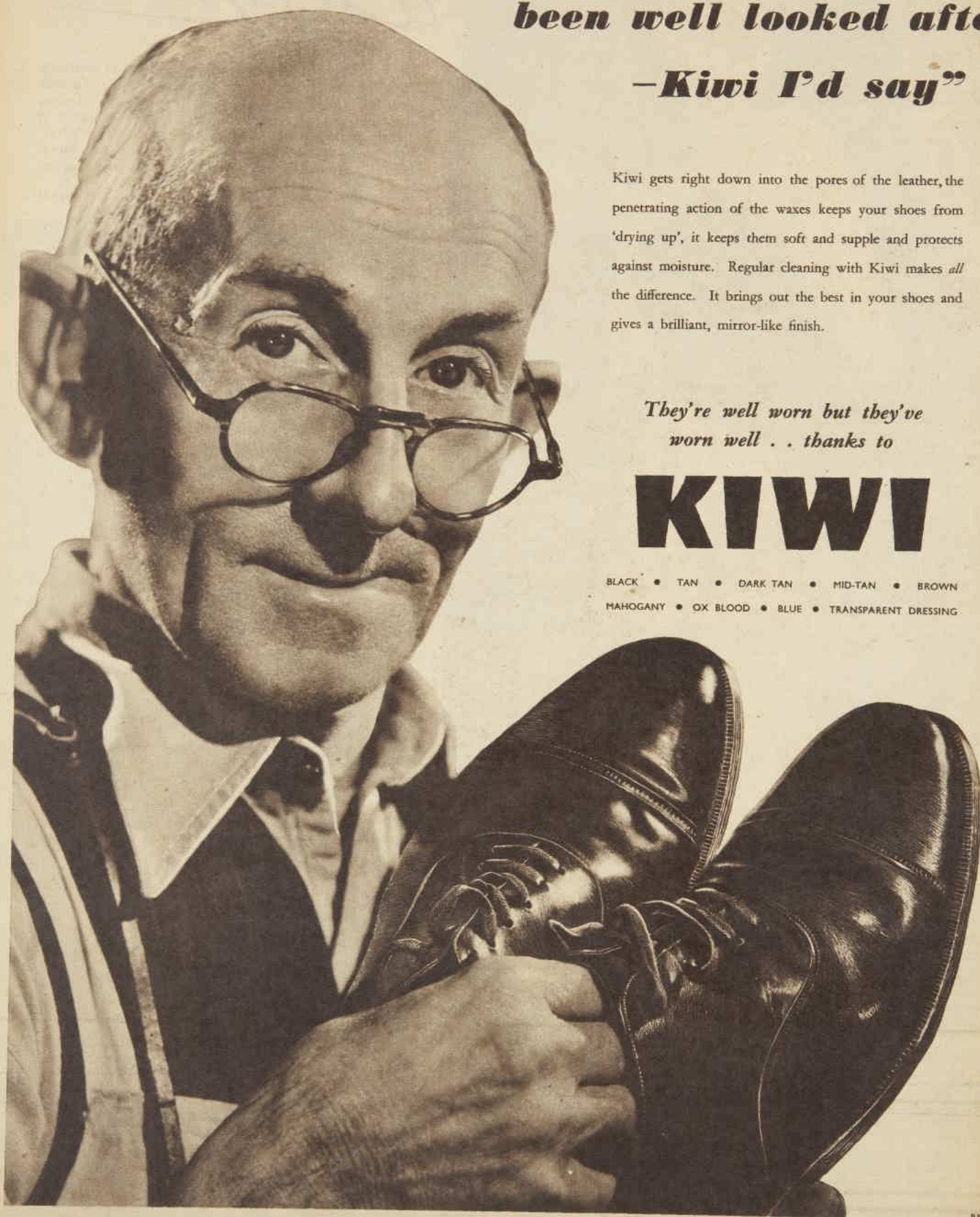
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Continuing . . . Mountain Prelude

from page 7

IN the late afternoon Jerry took the bull by the horns and went to Mrs. Pendleton.

"Mis' Pendleton, I'm kind of in a sort of trouble."

"I knew something was wrong, Jerry," she said gently. "What is it?"

"I didn't ask Miss Collins before-hand could I do it, but I promised to take care of Mis' Jackson's dog. She had to go to Minton, and she figured on drivin' back to-day. You reckon she can make it?"

Mrs. Pendleton looked out at the fog and shook her head. "I'm sure she won't attempt it. What is it you want to do?"

"Miss Collins wouldn't like it, but could I bring Jock here, 'til Mis' Jackson gets home?"

A light dawned on Mrs. Pendleton.

"Jerry," she asked, "was that dog in your bed when I spoke to you last night?"

He hung his head, then nodded in misery. To his surprise, Mrs. Pendleton laughed until her plump frame shook. She wiped her eyes.

"You don't know how relieved I am that it wasn't you who smelled that way," she grieved. "You know, of course, you should not have done such a thing."

"I know," he fumbled me. "I didn't know what to do."

"And now you're asking me to interfere with Miss Collins' discipline. No, you can't bring the dog here."

Jerry blinked unhappily. Mrs. Pendleton added, "But I see no reason why you can't stay down there with the dog."

His face was bright again.

"You can eat your meals here. Tomorrow being Sunday, there'll be no outside work to do. This weather won't clear for a day or two. You may take one of the oilskins for going back and forth."

"Oh, I thank you. Can I go now?"

"It's almost suppertime. Wait for supper, and then you won't have to come back until breakfast time to-morrow. I don't want you out more than necessary. I'm afraid you're catching cold now."

"Oh, no'm, I'm fine." But he sneezed as he said it.

At supper he was tempted to ask Mrs. Pendleton if he might take some food for Jock. But he had not been able to get a seat near her, and in any case he was afraid of asking for further favors.

He managed to have three helpings without being noticed, and again he slipped meat and corn-bread into his pockets. He was one of the first out of the dining-room. He found an oilskin with a hood in the community clothes-closet, and hurried away to the cottage.

The place was dank and chilly. Jock was trembling. Jerry fed him the meat and bread he had brought. "I just got to make us a fire," he said. "I'll chop a heap extra to make up for it."

He used the dry wood he had brought in that morning. The fire crackled and the good heat spread through the room. The boy and the dog sat close on the hearth.

Jerry said, "You want to hear somethin' purty?"

Jock looked attentive, and Jerry brought out his harmonica and played a tune. They both yawned.

Jerry said, "You gotta go outside fore we go to bed."

Jock went unwillingly into the rain, and scampered in again. Jerry dried him as best he could with his shirt tail. He eyed the soft bed in the one bedroom and shook his head.

"I ain't clean enough to sleep in that," he remarked.

He rejected the davenport for the same reason. He made a pillow of the oilskin, drew one of the rugs over them for a coverlet, and they lay down to sleep on the hearthrug. "Cosy," he said drowsily.

He put his arms around Jock's neck. Jock rested his head on Jerry's shoulder, and they slept so until morning. Jerry was awakened in the grey dawn by Jock's licking his face. He beamed at the sight of his bed partner.

"Hey, there. Good mornin', sir. I know I forgot to wash my face last night, but I ain't that dirty."

The fire was dead ashes and the room was icy. Jerry had definitely a severe cold. He snuffled and found a handkerchief in one pocket. He started into the bedroom, then backed out.

When he turned Jock outside he went out with him. He built a fire in the kitchen stove and renewed the hearth fire, then washed his face and hands at the kitchen sink and dried them on his handkerchief.

He rummaged through the ice-box for food for Jock. There was almost nothing there. He found corn meal and mixed it with water to make a pone. He turned the pone expertly on the skillet. He broke it in pieces, and when it had cooled, broke two raw eggs in with it.

Jock thought it a delightful breakfast, and Jerry licked his own lips as the dog ate.

He said, "I could of made one big enough for all two of us, but it'd be

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Jerry said, "Why, shore! You eat after me, and I be dogged do I see why 'tain't fitten do I eat after you. And do I eat this here, I won't have to go back to-night a-tail."

With that he picked up the pan and reached in. He hesitated. He brought out a plate, a knife and fork, moved the meat and biscuits and cake to the plate, sat down at the kitchen table and ate Jock's left-over food politely.

"Got to mind my manners," he explained. He patted his stomach. "Feels just as good as if 'twas hot rations." He sneezed and blew his nose. "Shore is cold," he said, and added to the fire.

Toward evening a strong wind blew into the valley, the rain turned to a mere dripping on the eaves from the drenched hemlocks, and the fog rolled up and out from the valley.

Jerry said, "Miss Lady'll have a fine mornin' for comin' home to-morrow."

He snapped his fingers.

"You know what I figger, mebbe?" he asked Jock. "I figger mebbe Mr. Bill could of come back. I betcha that's just where that of auty-mobile stopped off. Let's go see."

They ran together up the road to the second cottage. The shades were drawn, but firelight flickered through. Jerry beat on the door.

A man's voice asked cautiously, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Jerry. Is it Mr. Bill come back?"

There was silence.

"It's Jerry from the orphanage. Mr. Bill?"

"Yes, it's Bill Chandler. I didn't think you'd remember me, Jerry. I'm not feeling very well. The trip tired me out. How about coming in to see me to-morrow?"

"Why, why . . . shore. Shore, I'll come back to-morrow."

Jerry crept away, puzzled. "Gosh, Mr. Bill didn't never get tired." He shook his head. "Just reckon he's right old."

To save wood, he built up only the kitchen fire, and the pair slept that night between their rugs close to the stove. The morning broke magnificently sunny and clear. Jock and Jerry were both strangely lethargic.

Jerry said, "Guess I got a gol'."

He made another corn pone for Jock, but the dog could not be enticed even to smell it, to say nothing of eating it.

Jerry put the pan under his nose, and Jock turned his head away. Jerry did not want it either.

He said, "Do dogs gatch gol? You got as gol' an' wed as I did."

Jock knew only that he felt miserable. He crawled under the stove and lay there with half-closed eyes.

Jerry said dully, "I bedder go bagg. Miss Collins'll have a heap of worg for me."

He patted Jock. "I be bagg when I gan." He snuffled. "Miss Lady'll ligely head me in."

Helen Jackson left the city of Minton early on Monday morning. She stopped at a store in a fashionable suburb and bought meats and delicacies. The morning was glorious, and she felt only a mild anxiety about Jock.

She reached Brushy Gap in the afternoon and stopped at Mr. Willie-goode's store for groceries.

"Storm helt you up, eh?" he asked.

"That appalling fog. I'd have been frightened to death to drive in it. I left my dog in Jerry's care, and I'm sure everything was all right."

"Like as not."

He allowed her to gather up her own parcels, but followed her to the car with a large poke filled with perhaps forty pounds of groceries.

"You can carry this poke on to Mr. Chandler," he announced. "He come back to his place yestiddy. It's right up on the road from yours."

Please turn to page 22

Make your wash the greatest Show on earth with that peppy

# PERSIL DAZZLE



It's Persil's oxygen that puts the Persil DAZZLE in all your wash



Whites so white you'll stand and stare . . . coloureds circus-gay . . . that's what Persil dazzle means to you. When Persil's on the job, even deep-in grime gives up without a struggle . . . not some of it . . . but ALL of it. So say good-bye to cinderella colours and "rainy-day" greys. Get that lovely Persil dazzle in all your wash!

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Always look for the name

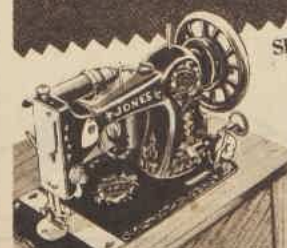


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"KANTSHURE" WOOLLENS for easy warmth - guaranteed unobtrusive.

"VELNIT" INTERLOCK COTTON for soft non-irritating clinging comfort.

## MORLEY



SEE THE BRITISH JONES Built to last a lifetime. Cabinet and portable models. Electric and treadle operation.

On display now at— HARRISON & SMITH Pty. Ltd. 290 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY 133 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



## THINGS TO TELL TOM

You'll have lots of pleasant things to tell after your first flight with TAA. From the moment you make your booking until you reach your destination, you'll meet the same courteous, helpful

attention, which, together with the comfort and appointments of TAA luxury liners, make your journey a delightful experience. That's why so many again and again fly TAA—the friendly way.



"Fly **TAA** - the friendly way"

*Luncheon in the air — delicious!*

*What a thoughtful hostess — she's a dear!*

*Joan is enjoying her geography!*

*Such service and luxury — feel like a duchess...*

*I'll never again travel any other way.*

# Glamour by Day



● Ornamental buttons and buttonholes at the side of the jacket, with hooks as front fastening, are an unusual note in Schiaparelli's jacket suit with flaring skirt. She makes it in deep beige gabardine, and for collar uses green velvet.

● By having an ingenious basque, with three thicknesses of material, Lefaurie gives slight hip fullness to a very trim white linen suit, nipped-in at the waist and with a very straight skirt. The mid-arm sleeve length is designed to balance the unpadded shoulder.



● A dropped shoulder-line with open pleats in the upper part of the sleeve, high stand-up collar, very tight waist, and unusual pleated skirt give a distinctive line to Paquin's geranium-red linen coat. The black leather sailor hat is also by Paquin.

★ Three styles for outdoors, included in the 90 models selected by our fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, for *The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades*, show how Parisian designers mould the new line to their own ideas. The parades start in Sydney on August 16 and go later to Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart.





## *Australia's Most Beautiful Blankets*

With their modern colourings these Laconia Blankets are particularly beautiful . . . but the makers have gone further and matched outstanding beauty with the traditional quality that has made *Laconia* the world's finest blankets . . . Quality that you can feel in their deep napped softness that guarantees cosy warmth . . . that guarantees you years of extra wear.



*Laconia Blankets*

MAKE GOODNIGHT A CERTAINTY

FAYON

# OUR £2000 COOKERY CONTEST

**£1000  
FOR  
MODEL BUDGET  
AND  
MENU PLAN**

To-day we launch a mammoth Cookery Contest with cash prizes totalling £2000. Everyone can enter. You do not have to fill in a coupon or pay an entry fee.

**THERE ARE TWO MAIN SECTIONS.**

**SECTION 1.** £1000 Grand Champion Prize for a model family budget and menu plan.

**SECTION 2.** £1000 in cash prizes for recipes.

**£1000  
FOR  
AUSTRALIA'S  
OUTSTANDING  
RECIPES**

## SECTION 1.

**Grand Champion Prize of £1000 will be awarded in this section to the competitor who submits the best model family budget and menu plan for a week for a family of four—husband, wife, son and daughter of school age.**

A competitor may choose one of four weekly amounts on which to base her model budget. These amounts are: £3/-, £3/10/-, £4/-, £4/10/-.

This will enable every competitor to work approximately within her accustomed household food outlay. Whatever the real size of her family, she will have no difficulty in making use of her own experience to plan a model budget for four. There will be no advantage in the choice of any particular budget sum. Clever use of the £3 budget will be as valuable in winning points as the wise use of the extra money involved in the higher sums.

### How to enter

Only ONE entry in this section may be submitted by each competitor. Set out menu plan for breakfast, lunch (packed or served at home), and dinner for seven consecutive days commencing with Sunday.

Attach detailed recipes for main dishes listed in each dinner menu. Quantities of ingredients, method of mixing, time for cooking, and approximate number of servings must be clearly stated.

Attach statement giving details of quantities and cost of milk, meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, bread, and groceries necessary to provide meals listed in menu plan.

All the foods, including home-grown fruits and vegetables, must be accounted for in the budget and costed at the retail prices operating in your district.

Here is a sample menu as a guide:

|                                            |                                                                                                                           |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Breakfast :</b>                         | Oatmeal Porridge<br>Poached Egg on Toast<br>Toast and Honey                                                               |
|                                            | Apple                      Coffee                                                                                         |
| <b>Lunch :</b><br>(At home,<br>for mother) | Vegetable Broth<br>Grilled Tomato and Bacon<br>Piece of Fruit or Cheese<br>and Lettuce                                    |
| <b>Lunch :</b><br>(Packed)                 | Cheese and Celery Sandwiches<br>Wholemeal Bread<br>Date Sandwiches              Orange                                    |
| <b>Dinner :</b>                            | Vegetable Soup<br>Braised Steak and Carrots<br>Jacket Potatoes              Spinach<br>Stewed Dried Apricots      Custard |

**IN AWARDING THE £1000 PRIZE THE JUDGES WILL CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING POINTS :**

- Best possible use made of amount of money available for food.
- Menus planned to provide the correct nutritional balance.
- Due consideration given to age of children, seasonable supplies, and local climatic conditions.
- Greatest possible variety provided within the limit of one week's menus.
- Provision made for economical stove management—e.g., using oven to full capacity, not heating it for one dish only.
- Provision made for use of left-overs.

## SECTION 2.

**£1000 in prizes for recipes for cakes, meats, desserts, pastries, and scones, etc. These prizes will be awarded in the following classes:—**

### CLASS 1 — CAKES

**Champion Prize, £50** This prize will be awarded for the best cake recipe of whatever type. The recipe which wins this prize will not be eligible for any other prize.

**FRUIT CAKE** ..... **First Prize, £25**  
Second Prize, £5

**SPONGE CAKE** ..... **First Prize, £25**  
Second Prize, £5

**NOVELTY CAKE** ..... **First Prize, £25**  
Second Prize, £5

**BUTTER or substitute CAKE** . **First Prize, £25**  
Second Prize, £5

**SMALL CAKES or Cookies** ... **First Prize, £25**  
Second Prize, £5

### CLASS 2 — MEATS

First prize, £25 for best economy meat dish sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children; second prize, £5.

### CLASS 3 — DESSERTS

First prize, £25 for best hot dessert (other than pastry). Sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children; second prize, £5

First prize, £25 for best cold dessert (other than pastry). Sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children; second prize, £5.

### CLASS 4 — PASTRY

First prize, £25 for best savory pie or tart; second prize, £5.

First prize, £25 for best sweet pie or tart; second prize, £5.

### CLASS 5 — VARIOUS

SCONES, or TEA-CAKES, or NUT ROLL, or FRUIT ROLL.

First prize, £25; second prize, £5.

### £200 in Consolation Prizes

In addition to the big final awards, 100 consolation prizes of £2 each will be given for recipes chosen from the various sections.

### £30 every week in Progress Prizes

During the progress of the competition, regular weekly cash prizes for recipes will be increased to six progress prizes of £5 each awarded for the best recipes of the week.

Entries now under consideration for the usual weekly awards will be included in recipes to be judged for these progress prizes, and the first batch of winners will be published in next week's issue.

Closing date, September 18. Results announced early in November.

Keep this page and the conditions on page 33 by you for reference.

FOR OTHER GENERAL CONDITIONS — SEE PAGE 33

## MISHANDLING OF FOOD

THE time has surely come when the buying public must assert its rights to more hygienic handling of food.

During the war, acceptance of a general lowering of standards was made to seem a patriotic duty.

Now the public is finding it difficult to have them raised again.

As an instance—in Sydney, nine people were fined the other day for handling food for sale with fingers instead of forks.

This is a disgusting practice which every child is taught to abhor, even round the family dinner table.

Yet it is widespread.

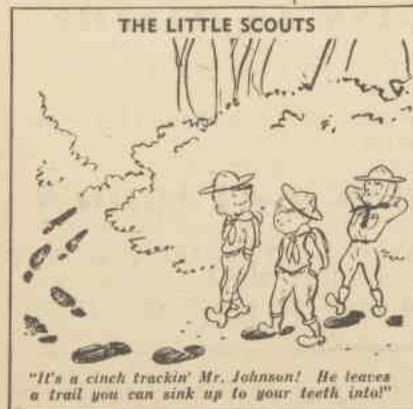
Girls selling sweets thrust their hands into jars instead of using a scoop. Cakes are packed into boxes with much handling, though it is a simple matter to pick them up in sheets of paper.

Sandwich makers sprinkle chopped beetroot and lettuce on the bread without benefit of fork or spoon.

Many coffee shops and restaurants still put sugar bowls on their tables without spoons, forcing successive waves of customers to dip in with their own spoons.

Correction of all these things lies with the customer, who has been wrong for so long that she lacks the courage of even her convictions on hygiene.

By refusing to accept food that has been mishandled, she can do more to reform shopkeepers than an army of inspectors or any number of fines.



# WORTH Reporting

ADULTS evidently take to education much more readily than children, according to the Victorian Council of Adult Education, which has been inundated with applications from "grown-ups" for its holiday school at Mildura University in August.

The first adult school, held last year at Wesley College, Melbourne, attracted a very large attendance, which looks like being eclipsed by this year's attendance for "Sun and Games at Mildura"—the slogan of the school.

An early application came from Mrs. Hurley Herbert, a widow with a large family, who lives at Pinjarra, in the heart of the Western Australian timber country.

She's a busy housewife, but has always wanted to see Mildura, and has made plans to travel the long distance from her home to attend the school.

The school caters specially for country residents, but invites adults of all types to attend.

Last year's school proved that strangers can get along well together in the congenial atmosphere which gives mother a rest from housework and children and father a break from ordinary work.

Main idea behind the schools is to provide a holiday with a difference. Those attending take part in lectures and practical handwork; hear good music, attend performances of plays, ballet, and music. This year the A.B.C. will give a symphony concert in Mildura during the school.

No entrance exams are necessary. Emphasis is on the holiday side of things, and students are free to attend what lectures they like.

Victoria leads the way with these adult schools, but the director of the council, Mr. C. R. Badger, told us that Tasmania is at present planning to establish a statutory authority along the lines of the Victorian council, with an almost identical constitution.

The council hopes that some day all States will have followed its lead.

THRILLERS are still first favorites with English fiction readers, and London librarians report that free recently published works of that kind are heading the library lists.

First favorite is Pat McGerr's "Seven Deadly Sisters." The others are "Accidents Will Happen," by Victor Bridges; "Pay-off in Colcutta," by Richard Collier; Mary Fitty's "Death and the Bright Day"; and "Corpsé de Ballet," by Lucy Cores.

### Star's fan mail

FILM stars receive some extraordinary letters in their fan mail. Offers of marriage are numerous, and so are offers of articles for sale and begging letters.

But many other unusual requests are received. Recently Jean Simmons (on her return from Australia and Fiji) got a note from a Delhi chirpologist who, in the most flowery language, implored her to send him tracings of her feet.

The letter amused her and she sent the tracings. The chirpologist has written back, promising her a pound of the best Indian tea as a reward.

Another letter in Miss Simmons' mailbag was from an unknown young man who wanted her to lend him £200 so that he could get married. He promised to return the money at the rate of £3 a week.



What's so remarkable about it? All he keeps getting is rejection slips.

### Retiring headmaster

HEADMASTER of the Adelaide High School, Mr. Reginald West, retires this month after 47 years of teaching in the same school buildings.

Of the 13,000 students he has taught, seven became Rhodes Scholars. They are brain specialists Sir Hugh Cairns, who visited Australia recently from England; Dr. S. Howard, a Harley Street (London) specialist; Dr. P. L. Thyer, of Kadina, S.A.; Dr. D. J. R. Sumner, of Toorak Gardens, S.A.; Mr. H. I. Coombs, chemist, now of Birmingham, England; Mr. T. Ashhurst, a former chemical engineer, who now owns a confectionery business in Sydney; and the late Dr. C. T. Madigan, explorer and scientist.

Professor Marcus Oliphant, the famous atomic research worker, was also one of Mr. West's pupils, and both he and Sir Hugh Cairns visited their old school within the last year.

His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. West, both taught at the former Pupils Teachers' School in Adelaide. His late wife was also a teacher, and his sister, Miss E. R. West, is principal of the Woodville Infant School, in South Australia.

### Discussion on comics

WHEN the New Education Fellowship met recently at the Adelaide Teachers' College to discuss censorship, speakers chiefly dealt with pros and cons of censorship for children's books.

There was almost general agreement that children should be given the "freedom of the library."

"I think we worry too much about them, and I doubt if they read into books all that we fear they do," said one headmaster. "Put a child into a library and it will soon find its level."

Comics came into the limelight. Although no finally was reached about their influence on the young mind, some interesting points were raised.

One opinion was: "They are harmful in that, being too concentrated, mass reading of them makes for mental indigestion; and they are too definite, not allowing for full development of the child's imagination."

A contrasting opinion: "Comics and such reading act as a kind of release of tension in children, which is healthy."

And another: "If Hitler and Mussolini had gone through the comics and Wild West films stage in their adolescence they might have worked off something that they took instead into adult life with disastrous results."

A teacher of backward children said: "Recently we started a library in my class. I took along books, and the children brought some. This developed an interest in reading to such an extent that the children now complain that some keep books too long. 'Can't we fine those who keep books for more than a week?' they now ask."

"As the library interest grew, the comics disappeared from the classroom," the teacher said.

### Less crime in country

DURING a recent visit to a town in north-west New South Wales we had a chat with the local police sergeant and asked him about crime in country towns.

He told us that the incidence of crime in country towns depended on three things: the proximity of the town to the city; the number of visitors for seasonal work; and the observance or otherwise of liquor laws by local publicans.

"This particular town has a population of 4000, but I've encountered much less crime here than in smaller towns which are closer to the city," he said.

"If small-time crooks want to get away from the city police they head for nearby towns and try their tricks there."

"They seldom bother to travel very far, and therefore, the distant town is seldom bothered by these pests."

"The behaviour of a publican can make or mar a policeman's lot in the country," he told us.

"If he's a decent fellow and observes the liquor laws, the general effect on the community's behaviour is splendid. On the other hand, if he's an unscrupulous go-getter, he can cause a lot of trouble."

Seasonal workers, or "foreigners" as they are called, usually carry their quota of drunkards and small-time thieves, he said.

"The majority are usually good fellows, but the few no-goods can upset a town properly," he said.

"We've made only 25 arrests in the past six months, but the seasonal workers will be here soon, and we'll be busy until we round up the trouble-makers."

"When we do, the town will settle into its restful existence, and we'll only have to look after the few who drink too much and need looking up for their own protection."

NEW RACKET: In Britain fashions are being made from new jewellery, manufactured from antique designs and sold as second-hand to avoid the 100 per cent. purchase tax on new jewellery. Faked invoices are used. Alarmed jewellers are planning new moves to beat the crooks, but it is difficult, as old-fashioned jewellery is in great demand.

### Cadets' pay increase

BROWS of fourth-year cadets at Flinders Naval Depot will be less furrowed with budget balancing following the Navy Board's decision to raise their pay from two shillings a week to sum of 5/6 a day plus a shilling a day uniform allowance.

But they still won't be able to let their heads go in college.

In keeping with the tradition that no cadet will have more than 5/- in his possession at a time, they'll only be able to draw this amount of their pay each week.

The remainder, less cost of haircuts, boot repairs, and small deductions for uniform replacements, will be credited to them and drawn when they pass out as cadet-midshipmen and go to England for sea training with the Royal Navy.

The increase has been granted to bring fourth-year cadets into line with "special entry" cadets from secondary schools entering Flinders at 17 and 18 under the recently initiated supplementary system.

Under the new scheme, special entry cadets undergo six months' intensive instruction at Flinders before going to sea with the British Fleet.

They will be paid 7/- a day and a uniform allowance, the same as Royal Australian Military College and R.A.A.F. College officer cadets.

Entries are now also being called from thirteen-year-olds who are anxious to become "young salts" at Flinders Naval Depot next year. The entrance exam will be held in September.

## IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

ADVERTISEMENTS of "clearances" and "stock-taking specials" by some of the big stores round town brought back memories of those grand old prewar brawls, the full-scale bargain sales.

In fact, these appeared to be the vanguard of a revival, but when I rang the secretary of the Retail Traders' Association he said, "What sales? There aren't any sales."

It appears that during the war retailers agreed among themselves to abolish bargain sales, banned the use of the word "reduction" and the use of two prices in display and advertising. That is, they ceased advertising items as "15/- reduced to 12/-."

This agreement still holds, so those things they're having now aren't really sales.

Whatever they're called, they produce the familiar effect: witness the fact that I had to restrain myself from rushing out to buy advertised packages containing writing-pad, envelopes, shelf paper, and a small box of paints, the lot for 2/-.

Judging by my reaction, there must be a lot of households now with a spare "small box of paints." Just like the old days.

IN these days we often say that something is "incredible" or "fantastic" when we mean we are mildly surprised. So it is a great pleasure to note how the legal profession retains its tradition of temperate language.

In a court case the other day one barrister said that the opposing barrister had "deceived" him. And the judge interposed, "I do not think that is a proper thing to say."

These mild words (in circumstances where laymen might call each other liars) make me wonder whether the legal profession is the same at home.

Do barristers and judges say, "My dear, the bacon this morning is a little below standard," or "This month's bills suggest that you should buy less expensive clothes?" I wonder.

"BLONDES have had their day," says the headline of a report stating that blonde hair is going out of fashion and "soft chestnut" is the popular new shade.

Will all the brunettes, brownettes, and red heads kindly take that smug look off their faces? For the headline is wrong.

Blonde hair may be going out of fashion—but not blondes.

Can you imagine the boys chipping one another by saying: "Saw you out with a soft chestnut last night, old chap?"

The word "blonde" has come to mean so much more than coloring. It holds a wealth of suggestion of the glittering, sophisticated life—a life spent in night-clubs and gay resorts far from the trials of the ordinary domestic round.

How far that little candle throws its beams—

The distance has exceeded Shakespeare's dreams.

Its light is certainly a little wan, But handy when the dubious mod. con.

Makes housewives feel their lot is not so hot,

These days, when they no longer know what's what.



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with  
**COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored  
pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is  
**BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their  
search for the pearls leads them to Tago Isle,  
where they meet  
**THE WITCH OF TAGO:** Who turns out to be

a charming old lady, living with her daughter  
and granddaughter. She tells them she posed  
as a witch to frighten off the natives, and  
promises to show Barton where flame pearls  
can be found if he will take them with him.  
The Argos sets sail, and Mandrake, Lothar,  
and Betty go ashore at the Land of Giants.  
**NOW READ ON:**



"I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU COME,"  
MANDRAKE TELLS HER. "NO TELLING  
WHAT WE'LL FIND HERE." "GIANTS,"  
ASKS BETTY. "NOT VERY LIKELY," SAYS  
MANDRAKE. "BUT THEN--WHO KNOWS?"



**SKIRTING THE BEACH**  
ARE THICK, IMPENETRABLE  
WOODS. WIELDING A SHARP  
BLADE, LOTHAR HACKS A PATH.  
"IF THERE WERE PEOPLE HERE, THERE  
WOULD BE PATHS," SAYS MANDRAKE.



THEY REACH A SMALL CLEARING AND REST.  
SO FAR, THEY HAVE SIGHTED NEITHER MAN  
NOR BEAST. SUDDENLY, BETTY STARES.  
PUZZLED, THEN POINTS. "LOOK--WHERE  
LOTHAR IS SITTING. IT LOOKS ALMOST  
LIKE A HUGE--FOOTPRINT!"



MANDRAKE SMILES. "A FOOTPRINT, TWELVE FEET LONG? THAT WOULD  
MEAN A MAN, NINETY FEET TALL. NOT VERY LIKELY." "BUT BETTY IS  
NOT CONVINCED. SHE SHIVERS WITH A SUDDEN FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN,  
AND ASKS SOFTLY, "THEN HOW DID IT GET THERE?"



"IT'S ONLY A NATURAL  
FORMATION THAT LOOKS  
LIKE A FOOTPRINT,"  
MANDRAKE REASSURES  
BETTY.

BUT HE IS NOT SO SURE. IT DOES LOOK  
LIKE A FOOTPRINT, BUT IT IS TOO  
BIG, HE TELLS HERSELF. EVEN  
FOR A GIANT'S FOOTPRINT!



THEY WALK ON IN THE TWILIGHT--INTO AN  
AMAZING PATHWAY! TREES HAVE BEEN UPROOTED  
THROWN ASIDE--AS IF THEY WERE MERE WEEDS--



A STARTLED DEER RACES PAST  
THEM, THE FIRST SIGN OF LIFE  
ON THE ISLAND. "MUST HAVE  
HAD A TERRIFIC STORM ON  
THE ISLAND," SAYS MAN-  
DRAKE, LOOKING AT THE  
BROKEN TREES--AND  
WONDERING....

THEN SUDDENLY  
THE EARTH SHAKES--!



TO BE CONTINUED!

## TALKING OF FILMS

By  
Marjorie Beckingsale

### ★ ★ Night and Day

SOMEONE will have to get a brainwave when the list of film biographies runs out.

For three or four years we have had an unending succession of biographical dramas or musicals.

Few have been of outstanding merit.

The trouble is that studios insist on including fictional romances and colorful adventures which never occurred in the lives of the people concerned.

This may result in more action, but it cramps the feeling of authenticity.

A lot less liberty than usual has been taken by Warners in the technicolor version of the life of contemporary successful composer Cole Porter in "Night and Day."

The result is an attractive film, delightfully decorated with many of his innumerable good songs, which we hear again with delight.

Cary Grant's careful underplaying of the role of Porter is satisfying, though the early scenes at his university show Cary as a very adult-looking student.

From the musical melange, the most memorable is Mary Martin's singing of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The singer is a fun-bonneted charmer with a dashing wrinkle behind her innocent expression.

The film is at the Regent.

### ★ ★ Letter From An Unknown Woman

IF after the first five minutes of a film an eight-cornered handkerchief seems to be required by feminine onlookers, the production is said to be a "woman's picture."

Naturally, the sufferings of a screen heroine, no matter how prolonged, are unlikely to inspire snuffles from the stronger sex.

An all-out attack on tear ducts is made by Universal International in "Letter From An Unknown Woman," starring Joan Fontaine and much-heralded newcomer Louis Jourdan.

The story of the undeserved, life-long affection given to a playboy musician by an ingenious and too generous Viennese girl is straight-out melodrama of fifty years ago vintage.

The extremely cavalier treatment (putting it mildly) that Lisa gets from Stefan would polish off most infatuations of the kind fairly soon, but she keeps coming back for more.

Their brief love affair is soon forgotten by Stefan, but ten years later Lisa makes a final despairing effort to recapture the past.

Stefan still is the "love 'em and leave 'em" type, so Lisa gives up, and dies soon of typhus.

In a letter the pianist receives after her death she recounts the gloomy story of her unrequited love. This forms the narration used for the flashback technique.

Joan Fontaine looks beautiful as Lisa, but she reminded me incessantly of a bewildered young spaniel.

In her schooldays, admiring the pianist at a respectful distance, she skipped about playfully except when he was in sight.

Then we got long sequences of her timid, upturned face registering wistful adoration.

When Lisa grew up, the skipping disappeared, but the adoring, wide-eyed stare became more frequent.

She relaxed only in a brief scene with her small son.

Louis Jourdan is no Valentino, but a ruggedly handsome young man with a French polish. Production is velvet smooth in its period settings.

The film is at the State.

Page 19

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 17, 1948

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# Mrs. Ferrier watches all Jim's golf matches

But hopes to get a game herself on visit home this spring

By GEORGE MCGANN, of our New York office

Norma Ferrier, attractive blonde wife of professional golfer Jim Ferrier, and a good golfer in her own right, spends most of her waking hours tramping around golf courses, but never gets a chance to play.

The Ferriers came to America eight years ago as newly-weds and will go home to Australia on a visit in September.

"ONE of the first things I'll do when we visit Sydney is make a bee-line for the Lakes Club or the New South Wales Club, where I used to play," Norma vowed.

Norma is probably the most faithful fan in the history of golf.

She has been part of Jim Ferrier's gallery in every one of the hundreds of tournament and exhibition matches he has engaged in during the past eight years in the United States. Moreover, she walks round the course with her towering husband on every practice round.

"I have worn out four shooting-sticks following Jim on American golf courses," Norma said with a laugh. "But I've also knitted dozens of pairs of socks, several sweaters, and three woollen frocks."

The "team" of Jim and Norma Ferrier has become a familiar sight to the golf galleries of America. Jim always attracts a large following, because of his colorful style of play and long, booming drives.

Fans frequently rush up to Norma to shout "Good luck to your boyfriend!"

The Ferriers travel about 50,000 miles a year in their huge grey Packard sedan, following the tournament trail through the

southern States during the winter and moving up north for the summer.

"My life is just one golf course after another," Norma declared. "It is impossible to play along with Jim in matches, of course. And when he gets a free day or two it is only natural he should want to get away from the golf course."

In September the Ferriers expect to make their first trip to Australia since they left in 1940, when Jim came here to seek the American Amateur Championship.

They will spend several months visiting Jim's father, Ben Ferrier, secretary of the golf club at Manly, Sydney, and Norma's mother.

Norma's mother, Mrs. Madge Jennings, and her brother Ernest live in Dudley Street, Coogee, N.S.W.

Norma and Jim came to America expecting to remain only a few months, or a year at most.

However, a crisis arose when the United States Golf Association refused to permit Jim to play in the Amateur Championship. The golfing fathers professed to be shocked by Jim's authorship in Australia of a book on golf.

They contended that Jim's acceptance of royalties from sales of the book constituted professionalism.

Jim pleaded vainly that the book

was not an instruction book, and therefore he had not made money from the game itself. But the U.S.G.A. was firm.

Jim and Norma consulted and Jim decided to make golf his life's work. He turned professional.

Jim and Norma also decided that the only place a golf professional can earn a good living is in the United States. So they became American citizens.

Neither Jim nor Norma has regretted the decision to follow golf as a career.

Jim is now one of America's top professionals with a yearly income in excess of 25,000 dollars (£8000).



DEVOTED FAN. Mrs. Jim Ferrier sits on her shooting-stick and knits while her husband prepares to putt in a golf match.

He has won some of the most important tournaments in America, including the National Professional tournament.

"It's a fortunate thing that we both love to travel," Norma pointed out. "A golf professional leads a gipsy's life. But we both seem to thrive on it."

"When the day comes that Jim gives up tournament golf we are going to settle down somewhere where I can do my own cooking. Jim swears he will never eat out again when we get our own place."

"The hardest part is the constant change in cooking, moving from one hotel to another, and from one section of the country to the other."

"I am looking forward to house-keeping and trying my hand again on Jim's favorite dishes, especially pies."

"We lived in our own place for a short while at the end of the war, when Jim was stationed as a U.S. Army sergeant in San Francisco."

"We travel with nine suitcases and two golf bags," she said. "We must have a large wardrobe because Jim plays in every part of the country, with every possible variety of weather."

"We must always have spare clothing because it is sometimes impossible to have clothes cleaned or washed when needed."

Norma gets along well with the wives of the American pros. She has taken up bridge since coming to the United States and is now quite a "clubhouse shark."

But none of the other wives possess Norma's endurance in following their husbands.

"Some of the girls walk round occasionally," Norma said. "But the average player's wife never plays herself and is not very conversant with the game."

Norma thinks it is just as important for wives to cultivate a professional attitude toward golf as it is for their playing husbands.

It is hard to be philosophical about missed putts, Norma points out, especially when a fraction of an inch may mean a difference of a thousand dollars or more in prize-money.

However, she has learned to take the bad days with the good ones.

Norma's presence seems to help Jim when he gets into a tight spot in tournament play.

Rules of golf strictly forbid her giving Jim spoken counsel or advice, but she is close by whenever Jim needs to "blow off steam" about a bad shot.

A newspaper once described Norma as "Jim Ferrier's secret weapon."

Norma modestly disclaims any part in Jim's golf successes.

"I really don't do a thing for Jim except fetch him a bottle of soft drink or a sandwich along the way. I follow him always because I am really interested in golf, and I'm always keen to know how Jim is doing."

The Ferriers are bringing a treasure trove of American household goods for their Sydney families.

They are travelling from San Francisco by ship because no plane made could carry the electric refrigerators, toasters, mixing machines, radios, and other gadgets they have been storing up for the past two years to take back with them.

"I know I'm going to fall in love with Sydney all over again," Norma admitted. "Especially with those golf courses—where I can play, for a change."

## Australia can aid progress of the new India

No one visiting the India of to-day could fail to be moved by the new national spirit among its people with the achievement of independence, according to former High Commissioner Sir Iven Mackay and Lady Mackay, who have recently returned to Australia.

"THERE is a widespread desire that India should take its place among the countries of the world, and the shock of Gandhi's death has been followed by a greater interest in his teachings and ideals," Sir Iven said.

After spending the past four and a half years in India, during one of the most critical phases of its history, the Mackays have returned here with a deep interest in Asian problems, and a hope that the good relations which exist between the two countries will be continued.

They expect to make their home in Melbourne, where Sir Iven will have six months' rest after his strenuous period of office and family ties can be resumed after their long absence overseas.

Lady Mackay was fortunate in having the company of her youngest daughter, Allison, 18, during their last six months at New Delhi, but she is looking forward to seeing her other daughter, Mrs. Jean Travers, and her son Iven, from whom she was parted during almost the whole war period.

While he was a P.O.W. Iven and several Army friends decided to go into business together after their discharge, and they are now running a firm in Melbourne which manufactures sporting goods.

"There is a very good spirit existing towards Australia in India at the moment, and both Sir Iven and I would like to see steps taken for an exchange of trade representatives, scientists, research workers, and students," Lady Mackay said.

While she is in Melbourne Lady Mackay will follow with interest the progress of two Indian girls from the Lady Irwin College at New Delhi who are studying to become instructors at the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Science.

"We hope they will form the be-

ginning of a large-scale exchange of students," she said.

Sir Iven also feels Australian experts could be of great assistance in helping to solve some of India's agricultural problems.

"Shortage of food has always been one of the greatest problems in India, where farming is conducted on a primitive scale, and the people have to rely on the monsoonal rains to avoid widespread famine," he said.

The new Government has long-range plans on foot for improving agricultural methods, opening up land by irrigation, and instructing farmers in the best ways of obtaining a high yield of production from their soil.

You do not realize until you talk to the Mackays just what a problem food is in this Eastern country with its teeming population of more than 300 million Hindus and 40 million Mohammedans.

"Most of the children look fairly healthy, but it is hard for Australia

to realise that the average Indian thinks he is lucky if he has two meals a day, and those usually consisting entirely of rice," Sir Iven said.

"You don't have to look at a person's clothes in India to tell whether he is rich or poor. It's only the really wealthy Indians who look plump and well fed—the rest of them are painfully thin."

Hand in hand with the new Government's attempts to provide enough food for its population is the problem of converting the average Indian from a rice diet to one which includes wheat and other foodstuffs.

The question of finance for these agricultural schemes provides another difficulty, for Indian farmers

are very poor, and cannot afford modern machinery for use on their small holdings of land," Sir Iven said.

While they were in India the Mackays had a full opportunity to learn the Asian way of life, and have brought back many souvenirs of their stay.

They both speak Hindustani fluently, as they had a special Indian teacher to instruct them shortly after their arrival.

"Education is an outstanding problem in India to-day. It comes as a shock to realise that only 10 per cent. of the population is literate, in the widest sense of the word," Sir Iven said.

The new Government has launched a campaign to improve the status of schoolteachers, but they will need a million new teachers before they can carry out their education programme fully.

"It is also important that their industries should be developed, and this is another way in which Australia can be of assistance. The Government is desperately short of machinery."

The Mackays witnessed the rioting and bloodshed between Hindus and Mohammedans, which became a daily event in New Delhi during the transition period after the separation of India and Pakistan, and were among the first to receive the news of the assassination of Gandhi last January.

"Everyone was stunned by the news, and no one quite knew what the result would be," Sir Iven said.

"There was naturally a certain amount of rejoicing among secret societies, but now it appears that Gandhi's influence for good will continue on."

"As the months have passed, there has been a strengthening of saner feelings, and a desire for unity and progress."

"India has a very capable Government, which conducted the campaign for independence, and has long-range plans for tackling outstanding problems in the economic and social field."

"A lot will depend on the amount of assistance they receive from other countries."



SIR IVEN AND LADY MACKAY and daughter Allison look through some of their photographs of India.

# SHIRLEY MAYCOCK STARTS LIFE IN LONDON



**WEARING** a Sydney-made woollen dress with a tartan hemline and cuffs, Shirley Maycock feeds pigeons in Trafalgar Square.



**STAR AND STAND-IN**, Jean Simmons and Shirley Maycock, lunch at the fashionable Ambassadeurs Restaurant in London during spell from studio.



**SARONG COSTUME.** Shirley dressed for her work during the filming of "Blue Lagoon."

**SHIRLEY MAYCOCK**, Australia's latest recruit to British films, is so busy with tests and appointments that during her first weeks in London her only spell of sight-seeing was to attend the Derby.

But she's glad to be busy, because she is homesick for her family and her 21-year-old farmer boy-friend.

Shirley, who has a seven-year contract with the J. Arthur Rank organisation, will begin training at the Rank Charm School when re-shooting of "Blue Lagoon," in which she is stand-in for Jean Simmons, finishes.

She is to change her name to Merrick or a family name, Alleyne, is being fitted for a wardrobe for public appearances by Rank fashion director David Montgomery, and is temporarily boarding with director Frank Launder's secretary at Harrow.



**ON LOCATION** in Fiji. Shirley (left) with "Blue Lagoon" juvenile lead, Donald Houston, and another stand-in for Jean Simmons, Thalia Lawson.



**AT THE SERPENTINE** in Hyde Park, London, Shirley, wearing a youthful cotton swimsuit, feeds the swans. Publicity pictures, make-up tests, dress fittings, interviews have taken up most of her time since arrival.

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## Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 13

HELEN turned to survey Mr. Williegooe coldly. "Why should I deliver Mr. Chandler's groceries, if you please?" she demanded.

"Because I say so," He glared at her. "You go off gallivantin', havin' a big time, and can't drive a few hundred yards to be neighborly. Now so on."

He stalked back into his store. Helen said, "Well!" She considered dumping out the poke, but shrugged her shoulders and drove on.

She passed her own cottage, frowning, turned around noisily at the side of Mr. Chandler's cottage, and in front of it blew the horn loud and long and steadily.

It was some minutes before there was any sign of life, and the car horn reverberated across the valley. Mr. Chandler's front door was a Dutch door, and when at last he came to it he opened only the upper half and looked out.

Helen called, "Mr. Williegooe seemed to think it would be just the thing for me to be your delivery boy. I have your groceries here, if you are Mr. Chandler. If it wouldn't be too dreadfully much trouble for you to walk the few steps to my car, I'd appreciate getting rid of your poke."

He merely stood there, eyeing Helen thoughtfully, making no attempt to move or speak.

She said, "I'm in a great hurry. And I do hope you won't be having noisy parties or anything."

He was leaning against the side of the door. He brought out a pipe and lit it slowly. He would have been a very handsome man, dark and lean, in his thirties, if his character were not evidently an obnoxious one.

He said coldly, "And why is quiet so important to you, madam?"

"I'm staying in the cottage next down the road. I happen to be a musician. A pianist. I shall have to leave at once if there's going to be a lot of racket around when I work."

"A piano player!" he moaned. "A female piano player! Why did I come back? Let me tell you, if you don't play with the soft pedal I'll blow the thing up."

"I should expect that of a man who would let a woman deliver his groceries. And let me tell you, I have a vicious dog. He'll tear you

to pieces if you come near my place. And now, will you get your poke, or do I have to throw it at you?"

"I'm sure it will be safer for me to get it. Just a moment. I'm a bit slow."

The lower half of the Dutch door swung open, and laboriously, as she watched in anguish of mind, he came toward her on crutches. She longed only for the earth to swallow her up.

She said in a whisper, "I'm so... desperately sorry. Why didn't you stop me... shut me up?"

He braced himself against the side of the car. He said, "A man doesn't try to shut up a woman like you. He simply avoids her. You will not be troubled again."

"Oh, I'm so ashamed!" "Where's my poke?" ... Oh, yes, here it is."

She seized it from him and took it from the car. She said breathlessly, "Tell me where you want it. It's not the least bit heavy."

"In that case, I can manage nicely."

"You must let me take it in for you."

He roared at her, "Get out! I wouldn't let you bring it in if I started to death!"

"Oh." Helen backed away. His face frightened her. She drove away quickly. She did not dare look back, to see him struggling with the heavy sack.

Her embarrassment darkened her homcoming. She forgot to call Jock. She could not brush away the stranger's pained, handsome face or the memory of her boorishness.

She brought in her many packages abstractedly. She laid the boxes for Jerry on the living-room davenport, and took the food supplies to the kitchen. Jock's tail showed from under the kitchen stove.

"Why, Jock! What are you doing there?" She leaned down to him.

He only wagged his tail feebly.

"Jock! Come here!"

He dragged himself out, then lay on his side, panting heavily. His nose was hot and dry when she touched it.

"Jock, you're sick!"

She looked at her wristwatch. "Jerry should be here soon. He'll know whether there's a veterinarian anywhere near... Jock, what happened?"

He could not tell her, and she waited for Jerry. She had fires going when he arrived. He came listlessly, and stumbled as he walked through the back door.

She said, "Oh, Jerry, I'm so glad to see you. Jock is sick."

He nodded. He said, "I figured he was. He wouldn't eat his breakfast, and he acted peculiar-like."

"Is there a veterinarian within quick driving distance?"

"A what, ma'am?"

His eyes were dull, but she did not notice.

"A doctor for animals."

He shook his head.

"Where is the nearest regular doctor?"

"Bramley."

"How far away is Bramley?"

"Bout sixty mile, I reckon."

"Good heavens! What do people do up here while they're ill?"

"Home remedies, mostly."

He leaned weakly against the wall.

Helen asked, "Isn't there anyone round here who might know what's wrong with Jock?"

Jerry came halfway to life. "Yes-sure. Mr. Bill's back. He allus had him a dog, and he knows most ever-thing."

"Where does he live?"

"In the next cottage up the road. He come back yestiddy."

"You don't mean Mr. Chandler?"

Jerry nodded. Thinking was very difficult for him. Helen sat down on a kitchen chair.

"Jerry, I can't possibly ask him for help. I've done the most dreadful thing I ever did in my life. I was

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"What a shame... and it went so beautifully during rehearsal."

terribly rude to him. You see, I—I didn't have any idea he was crippled."

Jerry blinked at her.

"Mr. Bill ain't crippled," he said. "He's a big hearty feller."

"Then this can't be the same man. Do run and ask your Mr. Bill to come."

Jerry was incapable of running, but he made his way up the road and rapped on Bill Chandler's door. Chandler opened it and said, "Hello, Jerry. Glad to see you. Sorry I wasn't up to it yesterday. I rather knocked me flat to come back here and remember what different shape I was in when I was here last. You remember? The hikes, the horseback riding, the fox hunts? Come on in, Jerry."

Jerry stared at the crutches, at his old friend Mr. Bill, now thin and gaunt and damaged. So that Mr. Bill would not see the tears flooding his eyes, he stepped to him and clasped him round the waist and buried his head against the man's chest.

Chandler lifted one hand and stroked the boy's hair gently.

"Easy there, pal," he said. "It's O.K."

Jerry whispered, "You was in the war?"

"Yep. Lucky to come through, wasn't I?"

Jerry threw back his head. "You goin' to be all right, Mr. Bill?"

"I think so. Now tell me what you've been doing these three years I've been away. Sit down."

"I can't. I almost forgot. Miss Jackson's dog Jock is powerful sick. She says will you come down and look at him?"

Chandler lifted his eyebrows. "By any chance, would Mrs. Jackson be the extremely beautiful and intensely disagreeable young woman who plays a piano? The one who has a vicious dog?"

"She's beautiful, but she ain't one mite disagreeable. Somethin' is worryin' her, and she acts funny, times. And Jock ain't vicious. He's the nicest dog in the world."

"This Mrs. Jackson requests me to examine her ailing dog?"

"She don't know it's you. We got mixed up about you."

"I see. Well, it's hard work for me to struggle that far on these crutches, but we'll turn the other cheek, kiss the hand that bites us, play the good old Samaritan, and try to find out if Jock perhaps needs a dose of castor oil."

"He's a heap sicker'n that."

"Then I'll take along my medicine kit and share my own pills. Man can do no more than that."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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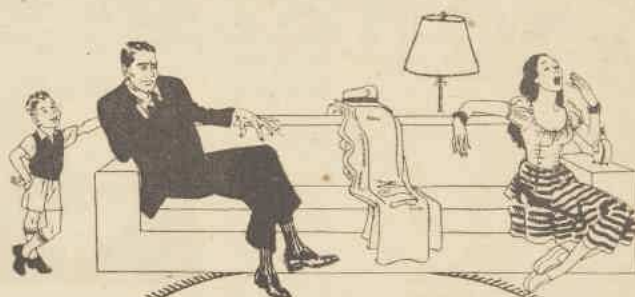
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GOVERNOR ATTENDS FIRST NIGHT. General Northcott attends Sydney premiere of "Richard III" at Tivoli accompanied by his daughters, Elizabeth (left) and Mrs. Donald Coburn, and latter's husband.

## Intimate Gossipings

**BECAUSE** of Sir Laurence Olivier's knee injury and their move from Cremorne flat to the Australia Hotel, visiting Old Vic stars Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were unable to engage in their favorite Sunday pursuit—visiting the Zoo.

However, their first week-end in Sydney was not entirely spoilt, as they were able to get some sunshine and fresh air when they went for a drive down Palm Beach way.

Lady Olivier's week includes visit to Killara, when she opens camellia show in aid of Food for Britain. Both Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier attend party given at Ushers Hotel by the British Council for members of Old Vic Company, and also attend party with members of Old Vic in foyer of Minerva Theatre after opening night of "Storm in a Teacup."

Actors' Equity will entertain Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier this Tuesday at late afternoon party, and this Wednesday famous couple have been invited to Government House to lunch with the Governor, General Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott.

**THOUGH** top hats have been brushed off and carefully replaced at the back of the wardrobe, and Sydney's first-nighters have made way for regular theatregoers, we're still in the grip of "Olivier mania." Those who attended the first night of "Richard III" can't help feeling a little smug that they managed to get there in time to see Richard before he sprained his knee. Those out front who have met Vivien Leigh and seen her wonderful suntan acquired in Queensland during her brief holiday there admire her artistry in dealing with it and appearing with snowy complexion in "School for Scandal."

**JUDITH KING** trips off to Trangle to be bridesmaid to Meg Harvey, who will marry Charles Baigh, of Macquarie View, Trangle, this Wednesday at local Church of England.



WED IN LONDON. Mrs. James Kelly leaves by car for reception after her marriage to Lieut. James Kelly, D.S.C., R.N., at Swanage, Dorset, England. Bride, formerly Andree du Boise, youngest daughter of Mrs. du Boise, of Rose Bay, and late Mr. Arthur du Boise. Couple have flat at Dartmouth, where James is at Royal Naval College.



HONGKONG WEDDING. Geoffrey Fairbairn and his bride, formerly Rosemary Parker, daughter of the T. J. Parkers, of Vaulx, leave Hongkong Cathedral after their recent wedding. Rosemary's sister, Bunty, was bridesmaid.



AMERICAN CELEBRATION. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Audette, who recently returned from America, attend American Independence Day Ball, held at Trocadero. Mrs. Audette wears off-the-shoulder black net with ruching of broderie anglaise.

**CHEERY** group at afternoon tea after official opening by Minister for Housing, Mr. Clive Ewart, of 32nd branch of Kindergarten Union. Kindergarten is located at Hut 47, Bradfield Park Housing Commission Estate. Seventy children will be cared for at first, and it is hoped that later the kindergarten will be able to cater for 140 children. Among those present at the opening were the president of the Kindergarten Union, Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones, and Mrs. Lloyd Jones; Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ewart; the Mayor of Kuring-gai, Alderman J. H. Brown, and Mrs. Brown; Mrs. C. P. Johnson, Miss Florence Sullivan, and chairman of Housing Commission, Mr. E. R. C. Gallop.

**SMALL** family dinner party is given by Betty and Bill Kendall for Betty's sister, Ailsa Maxwell, before she leaves for England for her marriage there with Desmond Campbell Miller. Ailsa is at present in Brisbane waiting for her ship, the Port Lyttleton, to leave.

Bride-to-be, who is daughter of Mr. Justice Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, has had a hectic time since her arrival back in Australia from England a few months ago, collecting not only her trousseau and wedding gown but also all the furnishings for her new home in London. She has chosen cream-and-gold theme for wedding, and brought the lovely length of material from Jacquard, of London. Ceremony will take place at church in estate of her bridegroom's home in County Wicklow, Ireland. After ceremony couple will honeymoon in Italy, and will then make their home in Ennismore Gardens, London.

**DIAMOND** solitaire engagement ring with diamond-and-sapphire shoulders worn by Mahdi Henry, who announces engagement to Sam O'Donnell.



OFFICIAL CALL. Visiting actress Vivien Leigh and her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, are greeted by the Premier, Mr. McGirr, when they call on him.



AT MAYORAL RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert attend reception given by the Lord Mayor (Alderman R. J. Bartley) and Mrs. Bartley at the Town Hall in honor of Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Olivier.



CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT. Lorna McIntosh (centre), who announces engagement to Dick Inglis, lunches at Prince's with Sheila Murray (left) and Mrs. David Noble. Lorna is only daughter of the Stewart McIntoshs, of Denbigh, Narellan, and Dick is second son of the Reg Inglis, of Randwick.

**HEAR** news of romance from London when Margaret Graham, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Graham, of Rockdale, announces her engagement to Dr. Alexander Tait-Smith, only son of Mrs. A. M. Tait-Smith, of Caulfield, Melbourne, and of the late Mr. Robert Tait-Smith. "Tait" is resident at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and he and Margaret hope to be married in London next year.

**FORMER** member of Duke of Gloucester's flight, Stewart Hancock, and his pretty Canberra bride, Elizabeth Whyte, choose St. Christopher's, Canberra, for their marriage. Elizabeth, who is younger daughter of the R. T. Whytes, of Kingston, Canberra, wears off-shoulder satin tulle frock made with billowing full skirt and train and tulle veil. Her flowers are creamy hydrangeas and carnations. Her sister, Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Joan Turner, and Barbara Bossence are attendants. Stewart is only son of Mrs. W. Thomas, of Randwick, and late Mr. Hancock. Couple honeymoon at Brisbane and Coolangatta.



LEAVING ST. PHILIP'S. Bruce Curtis and his bride, formerly Kathleen Lambert, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lambert, of Lane Cove. Bruce is only child of Mr. and Mrs. Len Curtis, of Manly.



REHEARSAL IS OVER. *Maitre de ballet Ljubov (Leonide Massine) executes a triumphant step while premier danseur Boleslawsky (Robert Helpmann) bids affectionate farewell to the leading ballerina, Boronskaja (Ludmilla Tcherina).*

## The RED SHOES

★ Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, "The Red Shoes" is a story of ballet filmed in technicolor for the J. Arthur Rank organisation. Robert Helpmann, Australian-born dancer, choreographer, and actor, has a leading acting and dancing role as Boleslawsky, premier danseur of the Lermontov Company.



READY TO BEGIN. Ballerina Vicky Page (Moira Shearer) stands waiting for her cue in one of the dance sequences. One of England's most promising young dancers, Moira Shearer has her first film role in "The Red Shoes" as an actress and ballerina.

"GISELLE" BALLET forms part of plot of "The Red Shoes." Robert Helpmann (above, left) is photographed during a reproduction of a full-dress rehearsal of the ballet at the Salle de Repetition de l'Opera in Paris.



FAIRY TALE by Hans Andersen is basis for the special ballet, "The Red Shoes," danced by Leonide Massine (picture at left) as shoemaker and Moira Shearer as girl. The ballet takes nearly 15 minutes.

ON STAGE during rehearsal of "Giselle," dancers are watched by premier danseur Boleslawsky (Helpmann), conductor Livy (Esmond Knight), and maitre de ballet Ljubov (Massine). Leader of the dancers is Irina Boronskaja (Ludmilla Tcherina), in centre of group.

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## Gentleman's Agreement



**1 CONFERENCE** between writer Phil Green (Gregory Peck) and editor Minify (Albert Dekker) concerns articles on anti-semitism to be written by Phil.



**2 INTRODUCTION** of Phil to Minify's niece, Kathy Lacey (Dorothy Maguire), at a party brings discovery that she originated suggestion about articles. Kathy and Phil become friends.



**3 QUESTIONS** from widower Phil's young son Tommy (Dean Stockwell) about meaning of word anti-semitism make Phil determined to find convincing new angle against Jew-haters.



**4 APPROVAL** is given by Phil's mother (Anne Revere) when he decides to pose as a Jew for some months to find his own reaction to the prevalent hatred.



**5 PROBLEMS** roused by racial feeling are soon seen by Phil when his great friend, Jewish Dave Goldman (John Garfield), is insulted in cafe after return from Army service abroad.



**6 COUNTRY WEEK-END** at home of friends of Kathy shows Phil that, unknown to herself, she still dislikes Jews and disapproves his scheme.



**7 AFTER QUARREL** with Kathy, who begs him to give up his plans, Phil gets sympathy from fashion writer Anne (Celeste Holm), who criticises public intolerance.



**8 UNDERSTANDING** of Phil's belief comes to Kathy after she asks Dave to show her how to forget her suspicions and join Phil in his fight for more racial tolerance to Jews.

**WINNER** of the Academy Award as the best picture released in 1947, "Gentleman's Agreement" was adapted by Moss Hart for Darryl Zanuck (Fox) from Laura Hobson's best-seller novel. The most outspoken film yet made on the racial intolerance question, the picture has proved an outstanding box-office success.



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Dimidi apron skirt and tapered trousers of flannel . . . soft wool angora top. At right, wool jersey blouse, tubular skirt of black woollen . . . a length of tartan for the stole.

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## Jimmy's Girl

Continued from page 9

**H**ANDING over the long, cold drink Jimmy asked: "Why didn't you wait for me?" Prudence looked at him through half-shut eyes. "Because I knew what was good for me." "What might you mean?"

"Look, Jimmy, I don't know how to put this with maidenly modesty. You've known me only two days. If you never saw me again it wouldn't matter to you. So go chase Lillabel and leave me alone."

"Why?" "Do you have to have everything in black and white? Can't you take a hint?"

"No. Just what is all this about?" She sighed. "The lovely Lillabel thinks you're sweet. She thinks I'm horrible. She's right. She doesn't brook any interference with her plans and I hate scenes."

"Lillabel isn't like that."

"All right, she isn't. Only let's take no unnecessary risks."

For an answer he drew up a chair. "Let's talk," he said comfortably.

But at that moment Lillabel swept into the area bordered by the potted palm, and she manoeuvred herself and Tony between Prudence and Jimmy.

She smiled sweetly on Prudence.

"You look so tired. Hadn't you better go home to bed?"

"Much better," said Prudence.

She watched Jimmy leading Lillabel back to the dance floor, his hand lightly on her arm. Better for her to go back to bed, back home as soon as possible, as far away as she could manage from Jimmy Dale. Then just as he was about to disappear he looked over his shoulder and winked with great deliberation.

After breakfast next morning, Prudence took a book into the garden, dreamed a little, and wondered how long it would take her to forget Jimmy.

Presently Lillabel, looking enchanting in white, joined her. Lillabel seemed excited.

"The Bennetts are giving a cocktail party late this afternoon. Theo Bennett asked me last night. I'm sorry you weren't with us, or you would have been invited, too."

"I'm no party girl, Lillabel. I'll just lie in the sun." She sat up suddenly. "Wasn't this the day you were going to see Jimmy's Uncle Henry?"

"Don't be silly. Jimmy is coming to the party. He can see his old uncle any day."

But after lunch when Jimmy came with the car it seemed he had other ideas. He hadn't heard about the Bennetts' party and he was rather obstinate about his Uncle Henry.

"I wrote him and told him I was coming to-day. He'll have made preparations."

Poor old man, thought Prudence. Probably sitting at the window of his cottage watching the road.

"Don't be silly, darling," said Lillabel. "We'll go to your uncle some other time."

"You promised, Lillabel. I asked you to be sure. Uncle Henry would like to look at you—you fill the eye."

That pleased her. "Some other day, darling. I'm all ready. Let's go."

"I'm not going to the Bennetts," said Jimmy.

"You and Prudence can go in Tony's car."

"I'm not going," said Prudence.

"I wasn't invited."

Jimmy grinned at her. "I suppose you don't care about visiting nice old gentlemen in their lonely old age, do you, Toughie?"

Prudence looked at Lillabel. "Am I pretty enough?"

"You'll do. Hop in." A moment later he was driving away and Prudence had a momentary vision of Lillabel standing on the steps with her mouth open.

"I'm fond of the old man," said Jimmy apologetically.

"That's all right, Jimmy. I've been fond of people sometimes, too." She smiled. "I'm afraid Uncle is going to be disappointed."

"I gave you some wonderful advance publicity too." He took his eyes off the road long enough to

discover what she was wearing. "I've seen worse. I'm rather partial to dark hair." He looked away. "We're late. Mind if I let her rip?"

"Mind if my dark hair streams in the wind and looks like a bush on arrival?"

He chuckled and let her rip.

It was quite a long drive. Jimmy drew up at last before a large house set in big lawns. Prudence looked at it in amazement. "Does he work here?" she whispered.

"He lives here."

"Oh!" She looked at him reproachfully. "You've been holding out on Lillabel." Then she started hastily to ferret in her bag. "Wait till I comb this mane."

Someone inside had heard the car and an elderly man was standing on the step. He was as elegant as the house, with a thin, delicate face and a chin as square as Jimmy's. He was smiling at them.

"Dear boy." As Prudence peered at him through a tangle of wind-blown hair he added, "I see you've brought me a Bacchante."

"The way he drives would blow the snakes off Medusa," said Prudence.

They laughed together then and Prudence knew that the visit would be a success. She scrambled out of the car. "I'm awfully sorry, really, to look such a fright."

"But you look charming. Jimmy told me you were charming. He said you were the original sugar plum fairy." The old man looked at her intently.

"I don't think he did you justice. Between you and me I didn't like the sound of that sugar plum much. You're lovely, child. That's so much more lasting than being pretty."

The old man led her into the beautiful house, through the white-panelled hall, into the long drawing-room where every piece of furniture looked as if it had escaped from a museum.

"You are a lucky man," she said softly.

He watched her glowing face. "Lucky?" He shook his head. "That garden wants a lot of small people to tear it up by the roots, to trample the hedges and frighten the goldfish and wreck the borders—then I should be a lucky man."

He sighed lightly. "Come, my dear, you must be tired. Mrs. Grant has made us some of her special scones for tea."

It was lovely to sit in the old room and listen to Uncle Henry telling her about the days when Jimmy was a little boy, and have Jimmy, now quiet and serious, sitting close beside her.

"It must be wonderful to live here," she said presently.

"I'm glad you feel that. I've hoped that Jimmy would live here some-day."

Jimmy pulled her to her feet and held her hand firmly as he spoke. "We must be going, Uncle Henry. We've had a grand time."

"Just a moment—just a moment." He crossed the room to a lacquered cabinet, opened a drawer and came back with a small case in which was a blue enamel brooch surrounded with pearls.

"I always meant this for Jimmy's girl."

Prudence knew that the color was mounting in her cheeks. "But I'm not Jimmy's girl. You see—"

Uncle Henry shook his head and pinned the brooch in her frock. "Don't be foolish, child. I may be old but I'm not blind. I've seen you look at Jimmy. I've seen Jimmy look at you. The house knows too. It has a special welcome for lovers. Didn't you feel it? Isn't she your girl, my boy?"

"Might be," said Jimmy, looking into her eyes, his arm lightly around her waist. "How about it, Prudence?"

"Might be, Jimmy," she answered smiling.

"I knew it all along," said Uncle Henry.

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## MAKE A PRETTY MOUTH

By CAROLYN EARLE

● After the eyes the mouth is the most revealing feature. Its lines tell whether you are determined, selfish, generous, vain, happy, or depressed.

**B**UT apart from turning the corners up or down, expression does not alter the mouth. You may think your lips are too thin or too thick, or the curves are not decided enough.

If you learn to use a lipstick brush you can help yourself to more generous or less generous curves at will, and can obtain a clear-cut smooth line for your mouth.

The initial step is to study the mouth in conjunction with the rest of the face to decide whether or not it's in proportion—full lips for a full face; delicate lips for the small, slender face. Thin lips can be deepened for greater charm, a heavy mouth played down by starting color just inside the natural lip line.

Hollywood make-up expert Perc Westmore suggests attaining perfect contours by kissing the back of your own hand after applying the usual amount of color with the brush, then retracing the outline symmetrically. Any alterations and improvements are applied to the real lip line.

For the actual brushwork, powder the lips over lightly, or at least have them perfectly dry.

A LIPSTICK brush makes possible more even and neater application of color.

Load the brush with color from the lipstick and carefully outline the top lip from the centre to each corner. Don't bear down too heavily here. Concentrate rather on a clear, sharp edge.

Now is the time to effect any small improvements to the natural contour, such as building up thin corners or fractional extensions of over-narrow edges.

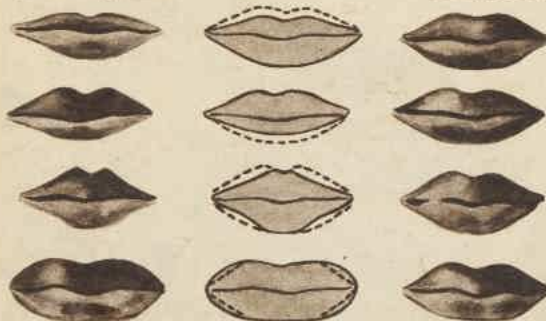
Next outline the lower lip from the corners inwards. Re-charge the brush with lipstick, and, resting the elbow on the dressing-table and steadying the little finger on the chin for a solid working hand, fill in the outline you've made with short brush strokes.

To fill out the corners properly the mouth must be held open and rounded.

When the color has set, pat a very little face powder on the lips, then moisten so that the color will stay put, and as a final touch remove surplus color by pressing lips gently together over a tissue.

The result—lasting lip allure.

If possible, buy only the best brush, looking for short bristles that taper to the tip because they are easier to work with. With use, most brushes will wear to a fine point, anyway, but while mastering the art a good brush, plus a steady hand, does help.



**THIN UPPER LIP:** Build up top curve to balance.

**THIN LOWER LIP:** Extend and deepen lower curve.

**FULL CENTRE, TIGHT CORNERS:** Build out sides of both lips, avoid too much corner curve.

**LARGE, FULL LIPS:** Keep color inside lip line, shading off to sides, and corners sharp and clean-cut.



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No. 1050—ORGANDEE THROWOVER. The design is clearly traced on Swiss organdie in pastel shades of turquoise, shell-pink, eau-de-nil, pale blue, and lemon. When embroidery is finished, complete the edge with narrow lace. (This is not supplied.) Price: 5/11 complete. Postage 4/6d. extra.

No. 1051—THREE D'OTLEYS IN LINEN. D'otleys are traced on good quality linen in cream and white, also sheer linen in pink, blue, lemon, and green. The oval mat measures 9in. x 11in., and the narrow square mats 8in. x 8in. Finish the edges with narrow lace. (This is not supplied.) Price: 1/- each. Postage 1/6d. extra.

Please Note: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1048, 1049, 1050, and 1051, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

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# Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

READERS' letters this week include requests for advice on designing a nightgown and jacket and on lining a topcoat for increased warmth.

### Tailored but pretty

"I WANT to make a nightgown and matching bedjacket, and the only style I have seen that I like takes too much material for my pocket. I suppose I will have to be content with a slim tailored design. I have some good lace for the trim, about 1yd. 36in. wide, in a coffee shade, and 4yds. of 2in.-wide lace to match."

Your nightgown can be cut on slim lines and still be pretty as a dream. Have the nightgown made with a low-cut bodice-top and a well-ripped-in waistline to curve out over the hips. Use the wide lace to form a heart-shaped bodice-yoke and repeat the motif in matching lace hip yokes in the skirt. Have the matching jacket cut just to above waist-length and have it styled with a square, lace-trimmed neckline and short sleeves.

### Added warmth

"RECENTLY moving from Sydney to Melbourne, I find some of my wardrobe is not adequate for the colder climate. My present problem is this: I have a 3-length, unlined, loose coat made in pale yellow wool, and want you to suggest some type of lining that will give it extra warmth and at the same time look smart and new."

Line your coat with black or tortoiseshell-brown velvet, and let the lining turn back to show at the collar and sleeves. There is no fabric so good as velvet for giving the new look of luxuriousness and femininity. As an alternative, and for a far more casual look, you might consider wool plaid with black and yellow as the predominating colors; or a wool printed in small black-and-white checks. The black-and-white check is newest for spring.

### For country wear

"AS a country woman to whom the new fashions are just something to read about, I would like some advice about dress. For the past three years I have been wearing a classic costume under a wine-red topcoat, and now, as the costume is well worn, I would like to replace it with something new. Our main social activities are driving to visit neighbors, and our neighbors coming to visit us."

As you have been wearing a classic suit for three years, I think a soft wool dress would make a pleasant change in your wardrobe. Furthermore, a one-piece would go nicely under your topcoat for visiting, and without the coat it would be soft and becoming to wear in the house. The latest silhouette for a one-piece is slightly narrow at the top, with a well-fitted waist and fullness in the



A NIGHTGOWN and matching bedjacket, simple but feminine.

skirt. However, don't imagine it is necessary to exaggerate this line. Follow it, certainly, but be sure you adjust it to your own figure proportions. For instance, if your own shoulder-line is square, it may not be necessary to have even the smallest shoulder-pad; or if your shoulders slope they may need just a tiny boost with a small pad.

### Pearls are news

"ARE pearls still fashionable?" Would a two-strand choker be correct to wear with a low-cut evening dress?"

A choker necklace—it can be double or treble stranded—gives the right look to any low-cut neckline day or evening. All types of pearls are excellent fashion; in Paris grey pearls are popular. Large colored beads are also a new Parisian fashion fad, and look lovely made in double or treble strands of choker length, and worn to tone or contrast with an evening dress.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## THRUSH AND OTHER SIMPLE NURSERY AILMENTS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BEFORE baby comes you should have a knowledge of the treatment required for some of the simple nursery ailments from which most babies suffer.

If you do this, you will not have a feeling of helplessness when your baby shows signs and symptoms of some departure from the normal.

Thrush, for instance, can spread quickly if not promptly treated. This is caused by the entrance of a germ into baby's mouth, which infects the

lining, and unless quickly checked causes a very sore mouth and interferes with baby's sucking.

Swelling of the baby's breasts and discharging eyes and ears are among other ailments that can occur in the first weeks of baby's life.

These and other simple nursery ailments are explained in a leaflet giving causes and simple treatment for them. This leaflet can be had from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



BABY: Shame, Mummy, you said you'd like to have a baby's easy life—but what a face!

MUMMY: These straps and wriggling around! How does your tender skin stand it?

BABY: Stand it? Mummy, now you know why babies need Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Cream!

MUMMY: Honey, I'll get 'em quick—and then what do I do?

BABY: Just this: After my bath, protect my skin all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Cream and at other times I'll thank you for soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder to keep chafes and prickles away.

MUMMY: Watch me reform!

BABY: Watch me reform, too, with Johnson's to take care of my skin I won't have half as many howls coming!



Johnson's  
Baby Powder  
Soap and Cream

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

## EARN EXTRA MONEY AT HOME!

### MAKE FRENCH FLOWERS, GLOVES, Easily BY HAND

—Make Spare Hours Pay!

Begin now to make gorgeous French Flowers or Gloves at home. You'll enjoy these fascinating crafts, earn good money too.

YOUR EARNINGS ARE ASSURED. WORK PURCHASED UNDER OUR MARKETING BOND!

We supply packing boxes and pay all forwarding charges.

### FREE OUTFIT WITH COURSE.

The LA PAULA Course in Flowers or Gloves includes a magnificent FREE OUTFIT. Don't hesitate one moment, send coupon for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET. Mark Course in which interested (no obligation) and post today!

SEND THIS COUPON NOW FOR FREE DETAILS!

SYDNEY: 57 Castlereagh St. (near King St.). Phone: M4685.  
MELBOURNE: McEwan House, 141 Collins St., Box 1252D, G.P.O., Melb.  
N.Z.: Box 1108, Wellington, N.Z.

Send me FREE Booklet and full details. I am interested in.....

(Course).

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

AWW/48.

LA PAULA ART ACADEMY, SYDNEY MELBOURNE N.Z.



## AROUND THE WORLD

o'er land and sea,  
Where'er delights and dangers be,  
We tread the trail to wealth and fame

In life's alert, alluring game,  
Around the world we roving lie,  
To live and love and fight and die;

And for our coughs and colds assure  
With treasured Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure  
For Influenza Colds

# KRUSTO

makes the **BEST** Pastry "

—says **ELIZABETH COOKE**,

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



## QUICK! EASY!

You just add water to Krusto, mix and roll, and your pastry is ready for the oven in a matter of seconds — tender, feather-weight, delicious-flavoured pastry that makes any fruit or savoury pies taste twice as exciting. Don't be short. Ask your grocer for 2 packets at a time.

### KRUSTO SPECIAL APPLE PIE

6 ozs. Krusto, 2 tablespoons water, pinch salt, 1 cup cooked apples, 2 tablespoons currants, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 dessertspoon sugar, almonds or walnuts.



Turn oven on hot (450 degrees F.) Mix Krusto, salt and water in basin, cut dough in two portions and roll out. Line pie dish with pastry and moisten edges. Mix the apples, currants and sultanas together, add spice and sugar. Place in pastry shell. Roll out remaining pastry and place on top. Flute edges and, if desired, decorate with pastry apples, or by pushing almonds or walnuts into top of pastry. Place in oven, reduce heat and cook at 400 degrees F. Bake 20 minutes, or until golden brown.

## Enjoy Tasty KRAFT FISH SUPREME Today!

This new, mouth-watering fish delicacy created by Kraft, is prepared from selected, finest quality fish. Just open the tin and it's all ready to serve—cold for tastier salads, savouries or sandwiches—hot for appetising snacks on toast, or in tasty cooked dishes.



## KRAFT FISH SUPREME

(SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS)

1/3 per 8 oz. tin.

### FISH SUPREME CASSEROLE



1 level tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, pepper and salt to taste, 4 oz. Kraft Fish Supreme, 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, 2 medium sized tomatoes, sliced, 1 small onion, finely chopped, salt and pepper, 4 oz. Krusto Pastry Mix, pinch of salt, 3 dessertspoons water.

Turn oven on fairly hot (400 degrees F.) Mix flour to a thin paste with two tablespoons of the milk. Boil the remaining milk and stir into the flour a little at a time. Add pepper and salt to taste, stir until thickened and boil for two minutes. Turn in Kraft Fish Supreme, then lightly mix in sliced eggs. Place in casserole and arrange onion and tomato on top. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and stand aside while making pastry.

Mix Krusto, salt and water in a basin, roll out thinly and place on top of casserole. Bake in oven for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Garnish with parsley and serve hot. Serves 4.

# £2000 COOKERY CONTEST

On page 17 of this issue you read about the biggest and best cookery competition ever to be launched in Australia.

Every Australian housewife has the opportunity of competing for the grand champion cash prize of £1000, which is offered for a model family food budget and menu plan for a family of four—husband, wife, son and daughter of school age. Conditions of entry for this section are published on page 17.

Anyone can enter any one of the other sections with handsome cash prizes totalling £1000.

Start sending in your entries immediately.

Sorting and selection of recipes begin immediately for the £5 progress prizes and final results. Six cash prizes of £5 each will be awarded weekly during the currency of the £2000 prize contest. No coupons or entry forms required. Here are the simple rules and conditions.

1. Only those entries which are submitted according to the rules will be eligible.
2. Only one entry may be submitted for the grand champion prize of £1000. In other sections any number of recipes may be entered.
3. Competitors may enter in each and every section. Progress prizewinning recipes remain eligible for final prizes in their respective classes.
4. Recipes to be written clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.
5. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page section in which recipe is to be entered.
6. Exact weights and/or measurements to be given in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons—not rounded, heaped, or scant measurements.
7. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.
8. Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.
9. If recipes are taken from books, magazines, or newspapers, name of publication should be given.
10. Recipes entered in any other current cooking competition will not be eligible for this competition.
11. Employees of Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to compete.
12. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes. No personal interviews will be granted.
13. All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 10/6 per recipe.
14. Address your entries to The Head Office, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Mark the envelope £2000 Recipe Contest.

Please start sending your entries straight away. This will facilitate work of selection and judging and also give you the opportunity of winning our progress prizes.



CAREFUL oven management and correct placing of dishes allow a two-course dinner and a cake to be cooked together. Dishes illustrated above are listed in menu 1 on this page.

## Oven Menus

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

USE the oven to capacity each time it is heated, and plan special oven cooking sessions once or twice a week, instead of lighting the oven almost every day. A knowledge of the principles of oven management and some experience will save fuel, time, and energy.

It is possible to plan complete oven dinners, in which all dishes are placed in the oven together and finish cooking at the same time.

But such menus are not always convenient to arrange and it is often necessary to include dishes which take varying times to cook. This means oven door must be opened 2 or 3 times during cooking period to insert dishes which need shorter cooking time.

No harm will be done provided door is opened for shortest possible time, and closed gently.

When oven is to be filled to capacity it should be preheated to "very hot" (approximately 500deg. F. gas, 550deg. P. electric) because temperature drops immediately when a number of cold dishes are put in.

To obtain maximum result from a fully loaded oven observe the following points.

- Arrange shelves in required position before heating oven.
- Preheat oven 15 minutes with gas tap full on, then reduce to half-pressure.
- For electric oven, set both switches on "high," heat to required temperature, then turn top switch off, bottom on to medium or low.
- For foods requiring high temperature and quick

browning (scones, small pastries, or cakes), use top shelf in gas oven, bottom shelf in electric oven.

● Foods requiring steady, fairly long cooking (joints, large cakes, etc.) should be placed on centre shelf.

● Slower cooking foods (casseroles, custards, etc.) should be placed on lower shelf in gas oven, upper shelf in electric oven.

● It is important to leave sufficient space between dishes to allow for free circulation of air.

### ONE-AND-A-HALF-HOUR DINNER

(See color photograph.)

This dinner was cooked in a moderate oven (375deg. F.), preheated to 500deg. F.

**Top Shelf:** Minced veal loaf, 1½ hours; coconut bar cake (for next day), 35 to 40 minutes.

**Centre Shelf:** Diced carrot and green peas, 40 minutes; casserole of clove-stuck pears, 45 minutes.

**Lower Shelf:** Corn-stuffed tomatoes, 30 minutes; lemon crumb custard, 45 minutes to 1 hour.

### TWO-HOUR DINNER

**Top Shelf:** Rhubarb and apple tart, 25 minutes; chocolate bar cake (for next day), 30 minutes.

**Centre Shelf:** Casserole of savory steak, 2 hours; casserole of shredded cabbage, 35 minutes; jacket potatoes, 1 hour.

**Bottom Shelf:** Baked custard and baked apples (for next day), 1 hour.

### MINCED VEAL LOAF WITH POTATO TOPPING

Two cups minced, cooked veal, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1½ cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 3 or 4 small potatoes, 1 cup grated cheese, browned crumbs.

Grease loaf-tin, dust thickly with browned crumbs. Combine all other ingredients except potatoes and cheese, mix well. Turn into prepared loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Half-way through cooking time top with thinly sliced potato, sprinkle thickly with cheese. Place any remaining potato slices on to greased oven tray, sprinkle with balance of cheese and bake until tender and lightly browned. Turn loaf on to hot serving-dish, place extra potato slices on top. Slice and serve hot.

Continued on page 34



Tea never gave me a thrill...

till I tasted  
**Brisk**  
Lipton's!



Just a sip of Lipton's sent this merry housewife into rhapsodies! Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

**LIPTON TEA**

*Brisk Flavour—*  
**NEVER FLAT!**



L.103.82g

# Swift for DINNER



Hot or Cold,  
a Satisfying Savoury Dish

It is always a "clean plate" finish when it's SWIFT for dinner... a delightful change that all the family enjoy.

(1) **HOT.** Cut in thick slices, roll well in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot dripping or butter until golden brown. Serve with mashed potatoes, peas, fried tomatoes.

(2) **COLD.** Slice thin and serve with hot boiled or mashed potatoes, cold egg salad, mayonnaise, peas and tomatoes.

- CANNED MEATS
- POTTED MEATS
- PATE DE FOIE

- BEEF EXTRACT
- DRIPPING



GROGER SAM  
says:



Swift products are always good



Readers' prizewinning recipes

## Brighten your menus

**Q**UICKLY made tomato crumb soup, economy casserole, and sardine supper savories win prizes for readers in this week's recipe contest.

These recipes have been selected because they are simple, economical, sound in proportion, and well flavored, and each has the touch of originality which puts it into the prizewinning class.

This is the type of recipe our cookery experts will be looking for in the coming weeks.

### HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

One pound minced steak, 1 kidney, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 heaped dessertspoon fat, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 cup water or meat or vegetable stock.

Skin kidneys, soak in salted water 1 hour. Dry, cut into six pieces. Divide steak into six portions, mould each around a piece of kidney. Roll balls in flour, brown in hot fat. Remove, place in casserole. Peel and slice onion, brown in hot fat, stir in balance of flour, salt and pepper, allow to brown, stirring frequently. Add water or stock, stir until boiling. Pour over hamburgers in casserole, adding peeled and diced carrot. Cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Serve piping hot with jacket potatoes. If liked, peas or beans may be cooked in a casserole in the oven, allowing 30 to 40 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. Weir, 73 Gibson Ave., Padstow, N.S.W.

### SARDINE FRITTERS

One tin sardines, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 4 tablespoons plain flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, fat for frying, lemon wedges, parsley.

Drain oil from sardines, remove tails. Mash with a fork, mix well with margarine or butter, chopped hard-boiled egg, salt, pepper, and vinegar. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cayenne into a basin, make a well in centre. Beat egg, add milk, pour into well. Work into dry ingredients, using a wooden spoon and stirring until mixture is smooth and free from lumps. Shape sardine mixture into balls, using a teaspoonful at a time. Drop into batter, remove carefully with a

spoon, making sure sardine ball is well coated with batter. Drop into fuming fat, fry golden-brown. Serve piping hot garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Goldsworthy, 245 Kelvin Grove Rd., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

### TOMATO CRUMB SOUP

Three medium-sized white onions, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 heaped teaspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 pint water or meat or vegetable stock, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs (wholemeal or white), 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Peel and slice onions thinly, skin and slice tomatoes. Place in saucepan with margarine or butter, sugar, salt and pepper. Place lid on, cook 10 minutes, shaking pan occasionally to prevent sticking. Add stock or water, simmer 15 minutes. Fold in breadcrumbs, simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve topped with grated cheese and chopped parsley. If soup of thinner consistency is desired a little milk may be added.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Hodgson, "Tintara," Old Dandenong Rd., Heatherton, Vic.

## OVEN MENUS...

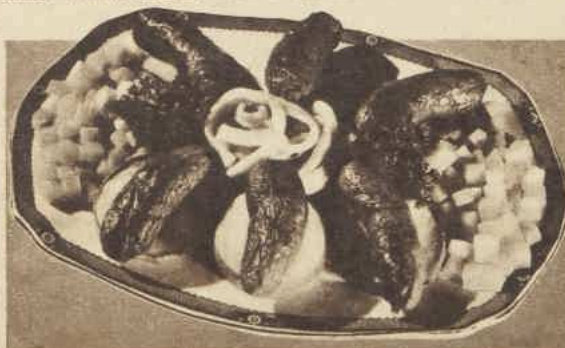
Continued from page 33

### COCONUT BAR CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons coconut, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Icing: Six ounces icing sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 heaped teaspoon butter, browned coconut.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Stir in coconut. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased bar tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, coat with icing made by combining icing sugar, butter, and orange juice, and stirring over low heat until butter is melted and mixture smooth enough to spread. Coat with browned coconut.



FOR a quick and easy hot luncheon platter, serve grilled pork sausages, grilled apple slices, diced carrot, and macaroni. Brush the cored, unpeeled apple slices with melted butter before grilling.

AN UNUSUAL way to make apple tart is to cut the cover pastry into wedge-shaped pieces and place it on top of the filling. Flavor filling with spice and add chopped nuts.

Have you tried this way to  
**RADIANT HEALTH  
AND FITNESS**



YOU'VE probably tried many ways. But this one—the Bile Beans way—has all the support of thousands of women throughout the Commonwealth. Bile Beans promote regular bowel clearance, cleansing the system naturally and thoroughly. You are freed from the misery of constipation, sick headaches, biliousness and similar ills. You become aglow with the radiance that comes from perfect inner health when you take Bile Beans regularly—just a couple at bedtime.

Nature's Gentle Aid

**BILE BEANS**



The secret of light cakes, scones and pastry lies in well sifted flour—always sift three times in a "KANDE" Flour Sifter.

Oh! this distressing flu!

The "inner heat" created by Wawn's Wonder Wool provides welcome relief to winter coughs and sneezes—provides a full flow of energizing blood to the affected area—relieves congestion quickly—and without drugs.

**WAWN'S "THE ARCADE" WONDER WOOL**  
for CHILLS, CHEST COLDS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO

**fortuna  
1 cloth**

# FOOD FOR FITNESS

*to the last drop!*



THE LAST DROP is just as delicious and as good for you as the first tasty sip. Bournville Cocoa is the food-drink that sets you up when you're tired, and warms the cockles of your heart when you're cold. Its rich, chocolaty flavour satisfies, and its goodness gives new energy and nourishment. Get into the "food-for-fitness" habit mid-morning and suppertime with Bournville Cocoa — the economical food drink — 120 cups to the pound.

*Cadbury's*

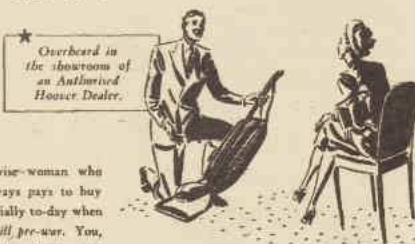
# BOURNVILLE COCOA

The perfume to wear and remember



**7777 PERFUME**  
EAU DE COLOGNE, LAVENDER  
TALC POWDER  
A GILVO PERFUMERY PRODUCT

★ "Yes Madam, the Millionaire's cleaner at Everyman's price, and Pre-War Price at that . . .



Here's a wise-woman who realises it always pays to buy the best—specially to-day when the price is still pre-war. You, too, should take advantage of this big opportunity. See your Authorised Hoover Dealer without delay and arrange an immediate demonstration. There's a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home.

Prices from 18 gns. to 28 gns.

**The HOOVER**

BEATS

...as it Sweeps... as it Beats  
MADE IN ENGLAND

Australian Agents: JOHN B. DRYSDALE Pty. Ltd., 60 Clarence St., Sydney. W37A

**NERVY WOMEN HAVE NO ATTRACTION FOR MEN!**



## Thousands Regain Full Health & Vigour

Remarkable Benefits Reported by Women and Children Everywhere

Perpetual fatigue, lack of energy, confidence and concentration, jumpy, irritable nerves risk success, friendships and popularity.

Your body needs the help that Bidomak can give. Bidomak, the Tonic of the Century, ends mineral starvation, charges the system with rich, red blood . . . revitalises nerves and brain . . . strengthens tissues.

R. Halyer, of Forbes, N.S.W., writes:—"After an attack of flu I took Bidomak to pull me together. My appetite returned and from then on I began to feel good."

The Tonic of the Century

**Bidomak**

For Nerves, Brain and that Depressed Feeling

Complete Nervous Breakdowns

"I was in a private hospital for three months, and I had to give up my business. I had a very bad pain on the top of my head like a hot heavy iron pressing down on it, and I was very depressed. My husband induced me to take Bidomak. It was the first tonic that gave the brain relief . . . I am sure women of my age would get wonderful relief. I am fifty-six."  
(Sgd.) N.L.

Get Bidomak to-day under money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Sold at 3/- everywhere.



THIS VIEW of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rex Matters, Pembroke St., College Park, Adelaide, was taken from the driveway, which also serves as the main entrance to the home. A crazy-paved pathway leads from the driveway to the wide entrance porch. Informally curved flowerbeds run the whole length and width of the area surrounding the home.



ONE END of the sitting-room. Persian rugs strewn the blue-carpeted floor. Deep-seated chairs and settee are upholstered in richly patterned linen.

## ADELAIDE HOME, charming and restful

THERE'S an air of spaciousness about the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rex Matters, of College Park, Adelaide

The deep verandahs run level with the paved pathways, terraces, and velvety lawns, flanked by lovely gardens.

This most attractive link-up with the outdoors offers not only an open invitation to rest and relaxation in good weather, but greatly increases the livability and entertainment value of the home, which is a centre of hospitality.

In addition to the large sitting-room and smoke-room, pictured on these pages, there is a ballroom—an appreciated feature of home life in Adelaide, where there are no night-clubs.—EVE GYE.



GLIMPSE of the many-pillared verandah and paved terraces at the rear of the Matters' home. Sweet Alice (Alyssum) thrives between the interstices of the paved terrace. Trees and vines and flowering shrubs lend additional charm to the scene.

## MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

**TIE-PRESSING:** To prevent shiny marks, press ties between sheets of brown paper.

**BAKING** a pie? Brush the bottom crust with white of egg before filling with fruit and you'll eliminate soggy.

**WHEN** washing striped blankets, hang the stripes up and down, not crosswise, to discourage colors from running.

**KINKS** in the flex of electric irons, radiators, washing machines, toasters, and kettles should be avoided. When you remove the plug from its socket, grasp the plug, not the flex.



## AHEAD FOR FIGURES

Cheers my dears! Those lovely Lady Ruth Charmalettes are back again. They're here to keep figures neat and trim and to give that wonderfully reassuring support that every modern woman needs. They incorporate the famous Charma "Underlift" Brassiere, too.

**Charmalette**  
ONE PIECE FOUNDATIONS

AND  
Lady Ruth PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS

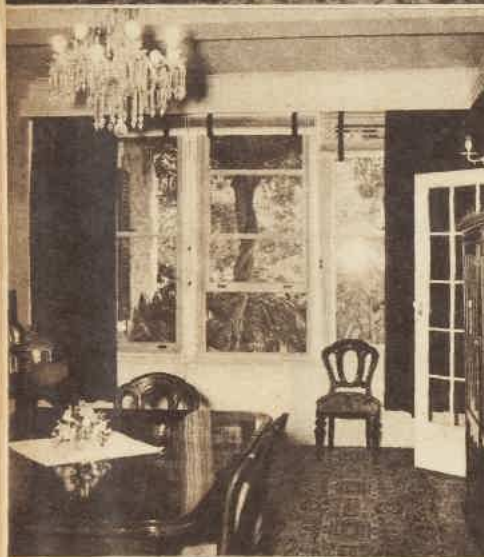
## TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—  
A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

**Cuticura**  
OINTMENT



**SMOKE-ROOM** (shown left) is a delightful room with its off-white walls, built-in bookshelves, fireside stool and chairs upholstered in off-white linen patterned in russet tones. The window drapes are of heavy silk velvet in wood-brown; russet-toned carpet covers floor. Door at right opens into the ballroom.



**WINDOWS OVERLOOKING** the courtyard and garden are a feature of the spacious dining-room, with its rich mahogany furniture, off-white walls, and the beautiful scintillating crystal chandelier.



**GLIMPSE** of Barbara Matters' bedroom. Walls are off-white, carpet is green. Curtains, drape, pillows, and cover of cedar chair are fashioned of heavy white linen with green leaf motif. Desk is polished cedar. Prize possessions decorate mantel.

## Strawberry patch in concrete wall

A MODERN adaptation of the old strawberry barrel reaches us from the San Fernando Valley, California where luscious berries are being grown in a concrete wall.

For centuries in Europe old wine and vinegar barrels have been filled with soil, small holes bored at intervals all round, and strawberry plants poked into the apertures—where they grow, thrive, and develop very good, clean berries.

Mr. Hayward, chaplain of the San Fernando Veterans' Hospital, California, has planted his strawberries in a vertical patch made of two parallel walls of hollow cement blocks. The plants are set into the hollow sections of the blocks with the roots in the soil, which fills the space between the walls. A pipe with holes at intervals waters the soil from the top.

The walls are 12ft. long, 6ft. high, and 32in. thick. The patch holds 350 plants, and Mr. Hayward says they need little care—just frequent fertilising and water.

The berries grown in this way are clean, free from earth-rot, and ripen evenly on all sides.—Our Home Gardener.



**HERE WE SEE** the concrete wall with plants peeping from the hollows, some in flower and others full of berries.

## Make your choice SHEAFFER'S Skrip



### WASHABLE OR PERMANENT

**WASHABLE Skrip** for home and school—wherever there are children—washes out of ALL washable fabrics with ordinary soap and water!

**PERMANENT Skrip**—for business records and documents—is permanent as the paper—withstanding even boiling water!

Only Skrip comes to you in the convenient **TOP-WELL Bottle**—saves waste—keeps fingers clean—makes pen-filling easy.

For Sheaffer Pen Service send to Stott's, Warrigal Road, Holmesglen, Vic.



Perhaps the finest tribute paid to the world-popular DeWitt's Antacid Powder is the confidence with which it is recommended by one-time sufferers to their friends and family.

This faith is built on firm foundations, for DeWitt's Antacid Powder does exactly what it sets out to do—it conquers stomach suffering, and conquers it speedily.

No matter how long or how severely you have suffered, here is relief, real and lasting—here is the road back to brighter days and restful nights.

There is a simple explanation why DeWitt's Antacid Powder works with such efficacy. Among

the scientifically blended ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts excess acidity immediately. Other ingredients spread a protective coat over the inflamed stomach lining, neutralising further acid formation as it arises.

Flatulence, heartburn, excess acidity, discomfort and pain all yield to this well-tried and trusted family medicine. Sometimes even a single dose is enough. So take a little friendly advice—keep a canister of DeWitt's Antacid Powder handy in the house. Take a dose at the slightest signs of stomach trouble and keep fit and free from after-meal miseries. For economy's sake, order the giant 4.6 canister—it contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2.6 size.

## DeWitt's

### ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

## Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Distress, Chills under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/6, 8/6.

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## Fashion FROCKS

"CHRISTINA." Delightful house frock made of all-over floral spun linen. Colors are red, blue, and lemon; cyclamen, navy, and lemon; mauve, green, and lemon; pale blue, brown, and lemon. Obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 25/9; 36in. to 38in. bust, 27/2. Postage 1/2½ extra.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 24/3; 36in. to 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage 1/2½ extra.

"ANGELA." Useful smock of British floral cotton. Colors are blue, pink, and pale green grounds with pink-and-white floral design. Obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 24/11; 36in. to 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage 1/0½ extra.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 19/3; 36in. to 38in. bust, 19/11. Postage 1/0½ extra.

"ESTHER." Delightful afternoon frock of floral slub shantung. Colors are pale lemon, grey, and black and white; royal-blue, grey, and black and white; fuchsia, grey, and black and white. Obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 69/9; 36in. to 38in. bust, 73/11. Postage 1/2½ extra.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 54/3; 36in. to 38in. bust, 57/9. Postage 1/2½ extra.

Please note: When ordering Fashion Frocks "Christina," "Angela," and "Esther" make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns and Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.  
Box 3088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 402P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
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## Fashion PATTERNS

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F5185.—Gracefully styled evening frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.  
F5186.—Frock for day-long wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.  
F5187.—Frock with smart contrasting bands. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 1/11.  
F5188.—Slip with matching scanties. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for slip, and 1½yds. 36in. material for scanties. Price, 2/4.

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